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THE POLICY OF FRANCE.

A FEW days ago Paris was half beside itself with joy. Flags were flying from the windows, gay crowds were gathered under the trees, everywhere there was happy movement and an ebullition of cheerfulness, because it was announced that the Emperor of AUSTRIA had ceded Venetia to France, and peace was thought to be a certainty. There was no mistaking the feelings which held away in the French capital, and which found an expression scarcely less strong in several other of the large French towns. It seemed a great and easy glory for France that her Sovereign should be appealed to as the arbitrator and moderator of events, that Italy should once more owe her great ally a heavy debt of gratitude, and that such danger as the rising power of Prussia might involve should be so neatly and quietly averted. But far deeper than all other springs of joy was the belief that peace was secured. The French have shown an unmistakable desire to keep out of the war if they can possibly do so with honour. And the wishes of France will be certain to guide in a large degree the policy of the EMPEROR. The proposed cession of Venetia has not produced the effects that were hoped for from it. Had it been made when France first urged it, and had Italy received Venetia before blood had been shed, the war might perhaps have been averted; but the cession of Venetia after Austria had lost a great battle in Bohemia could not stop the war that had once begun. The Emperor NAPOLEON is for the moment in a position of some embarrassment, for he has come before Europe as having the command of events, and events have gone on in spite of him. No one can pretend to say how he will extricate himself from this difficulty of his own creating, but some clue may be gained for the anticipation of the future if attention is paid to his general position, and to the general character of his policy. In the first place, he knows better than any one else can know how much France wishes for peace, and he will not lightly kindle the flame of war on a much larger scale than that on which it is already burning. He also must wish to hold as long as possible the station which he now occupies of a kind of head of Europe, who is moderate and fair to all parties, and who is listened to even when he forbears to use force. In order to attain and hold this position he has always striven to show that he comprehends the real wants and wishes of his generation, and that he has a generous sympathy with those who, like himself, strive to meet these wants and wishes in neighbouring countries. The main reasons why his efforts to bring about an armistice have failed are that Prussia wants to lead the German nation, and that Italy is jealous of its military honour. The ordinary French statesman of the second rank, the statesman of the class which is typified by M. THIERS, would have no sympathy either with Prussia or with Italy. He would think it the true policy of France to keep Germany weak and divided, and he would regard the military honour of Italy as a piece of ambitious impertinence which France ought to snub as soon as possible. But the EMPEROR looks at European politics in a very different way, and it is because he looks at them in a different way that he holds his present high position in Europe. He is not at all likely to avow himself the enemy of German nationality, and it was he himself who told the Italians that their first task was to make themselves soldiers, and he must know that a nation of soldiers without a sense of military honour is an impossibility.

But at the same time he must show his power, and must gain something for France. He has his dynasty to think of, and a general consent of opinion seems to show that the only way in which a dynasty can win a hold of France is by its chiefs getting gains for France that France does not see how otherwise to obtain. This is not a pleasant prospect for the first

unsuccessful Emperor, but it affords a cogent reason why each Emperor should try to be successful. What the EMPEROR would now like would be, we may guess, some striking proof and record of French influence, and a little addition to French territory. Thus, to sum up the whole present policy of the EMPEROR, we may say that it consists mainly in three things—a wish to give France peace, a wish to show himself in harmony and accord with the rising and growing nations of Europe that are penetrated with the more ardent and aspiring ideas of this generation, and a wish to secure his dynasty by stamping the marks of French influence on the map of Europe. There is no reason to believe that he himself sees how this is to be done. He is a man who sticks steadily to his main object, but is willing to try any number of combinations and schemes in detail in order to find out what will do and what will not. No one who knows the control under which the French press is kept will believe that the scheme of things shadowed forth in the *Presse* a day or two ago was unauthorized. The penalty attached to the invention and circulation of false news is much too rapid and certain to permit a journalist to publish imaginary communications from the MINISTER of FOREIGN AFFAIRS, unless he had received a private assurance of safety. The Government did not wish to be bound by what was thus revealed, and other papers were therefore ordered to contradict the *Presse*, and to say that there was not a word of truth in what it had published. No one will believe this, and every one will be sure that the Government had its scheme published in order to see what was thought of it. There were, too, internal traces of its origin. It was quite, as artists say, in the EMPEROR's manner. It is one of his peculiarities that, when a difficulty stares him in the face, he always tries not to surmount it so much as to get round it. So it is now. The difficulty stares him in the face how Austria is to be kept out of Germany, and yet Prussia and Germany are not to be identified. He tries to get round the difficulty by suggesting that there shall be a new German Confederation, from which not only Austria but Prussia shall be excluded. When he begins to think of satisfying the traditional French thirst for the Rhine as a frontier, he is confronted by the difficulty that Prussia is not likely to give up her German provinces to a foreigner, and that even Bavaria has an uneasy belief that she is a Power that ought to be treated with respect as a second head, with Austria, of Southern Germany. He gets round this difficulty by suggesting that all the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine shall be taken away from Prussia and Bavaria, and entrusted to the keeping of little helpless Sovereigns like the Grand Duke of BADEN and the Elector of HESSE. He sees that neither Prussia nor Bavaria would like to give up any portion of their subjects to France; and he evades the difficulty by suggesting that the populations of Landau and of the Sarre districts shall have in any case to choose a new ruler, and that they shall merely be asked whether they wish to belong to France, or to a small German potentate. It is true that, so far as the Sarre population goes, there cannot be much doubt, as they have been plaguing the King of PRUSSIA for the last six months with countless petitions never to surrender them to France; but then, as is well known, when the unerring test of the ballot-box is appealed to, people find out that they really wish the exact reverse of that which they seem to themselves to wish.

These are only feelers at present, and the notion of a new German Confederation from which Prussia should be excluded is simply preposterous. But in all probability the particular portions of territory to be actually surrendered to France have not been specified without a previous understanding with Prussia. The scheme for the arrangement of the left bank of the Rhine is evidently more tentative. Prussia would

probably listen to something of the kind. She might readily allow Baden to get the Bavarian Rhenish provinces, and might add a slice of Prussian territory; but to propose to place the Elector of HESSE, who has been for years the disgrace and torment of his own subjects, as lord of the Prussians of Bonn and Cologne, is merely to indicate by the comic form of the project that the proposal itself is not seriously made. Still, as the EMPEROR will gain actual new territory for France, and will get a great slice of the Rhine country placed under the control of a weak ruler notoriously inclined to be a good friend to France, he may perhaps persuade himself and the world that he has triumphed, although Prussia holds ground on both banks of the national river, and although Prussia calls a German Parliament and is looked up to as its head. The notion that France was prepared to enforce peace at once is evidently not true. She does not say to CIALDINI that by advancing on Padua he is violating French territory; she does not warn the Prussians off Vienna by threatening Cologne. As the Prussians and Italians will not leave off fighting, she lets them have their way; and it is ominous that reports have been set in circulation that the responsibility of the Emperor NAPOLEON's endeavours to bring about an armistice is now being laid upon Austria. Obviously this is the easiest way for the EMPEROR to get out of his difficulty. If the Austrians will not listen to reason, no one can blame him for not helping them; and if they are wilfully bent on war, he may be content to let them have what they wish for. In that case the Emperor of the FRENCH will merely have made an honest effort for peace which, through no fault of his, has failed; and if Prussia and Italy bring Austria to terms, France may still carry out her projects on the Rhine, and the only difference between peace then and peace now will be that Italy will then have, not only Venice, but glory, and there will be some scheme set on foot by Prussia for that union of Germany which it is doubtful whether the Emperor NAPOLEON really wishes to prevent, and which it is certain he cannot prevent except by means of a bloody and costly war that would be highly distasteful to France.

THE GOVERNMENT.

LORD DERBY and Lord RUSSELL summed up fairly enough the causes and the results of the late change of Ministry. It is easy to be wise after the event, but almost all politicians agreed beforehand with Lord DERBY in the opinion that the introduction of a Reform Bill in the present Session was a mistake. A year's reflection might or might not have improved the measure itself, though believers in statistics would certainly have had a more copious and accurate supply of their favourite commodity. A much stronger reason for postponing the Bill was derived from the expediency of trying the paces of the new Parliament, and of giving Mr. GLADSTONE time to settle himself in the saddle. A few non-political Bills, an unobjectionable Budget, and a series of civil answers to miscellaneous questions, would probably have accustomed the majority to follow their new leader, and would have given time and opportunity for gratifying legitimate ambition. On almost every question, and more especially in its Irish policy, the late Government would have commanded the warm support of the section of the House which practically defeated the Reform Bill. Mr. BRIGHT, indeed, and his few adherents would, with various degrees of sincerity, have complained of the delay; but there was no hostile camp into which they could secede, and consequently there was no urgent reason for conciliating their support. The promise of a Reform Bill in 1867 would have excited little alarm, and it must necessarily have been accepted by the extreme Liberals. It may be heroic and virtuous to prefer a public cause to personal and party interests, but the heads of the Ministry have destroyed their own power for the time without accelerating the progress of Reform. If the Cabinet, the House of Commons, or the constituencies could have expressed their real opinions, they would all have anticipated by large majorities Lord DERBY's retrospective advice. It is difficult to believe that an obvious mistake would have been committed if Lord RUSSELL had not fancied that his own special mission was to pass Reform Bills, and if he had not been vexed by the comments on his own advice to rest and be thankful.

When the Bill was once launched, its fate was probably inevitable, though the tactics of the Government were open to just criticism. Lord RUSSELL says, on the authority of an anonymous informant, that Mr. GLADSTONE never lost his

temper; but, even if the eulogy were just, he often made members on both sides of the House lose theirs. When Mr. GLADSTONE told an opponent that he might learn manners from the working-men whom he proposed to exclude from the franchise, he may perhaps have been calm, but he was certainly provoking. On the same day he astonished the House by declaring that all the non-electors were of their own flesh and blood, that they were fellow-countrymen, and fellow-Christians. It would have been more prudent to display irritation in a less comprehensive form, for the argument went straight to universal suffrage, which Parliament has at present no inclination to concede. That the House was offended and alienated by the demand of a vote on the franchise before the production of the scheme of redistribution, is a fact so notorious that it is idle to inquire whether the anger excited was just and reasonable. It is the business of a Parliamentary leader to lead Parliament, and not to prove by ingenious arguments that Parliament ought to have followed his guidance. The menace of an autumn Session was also indiscreet, for a popular Assembly, and especially a House of Commons, objects altogether to threats. If Mr. GLADSTONE was not responsible for the defeat of a measure which ought not to have been introduced at the time, he at least furnished his adversaries and his unwilling supporters with abundant excuse for throwing the blame on the Government. The Bill could perhaps never have been carried, for it was abundantly clear that its enemies were more in earnest than its friends, and that they formed a majority on decisive divisions. The overwhelming strength of the party which had been returned to support Lord PALMERSTON was not available for the passage of a measure which Lord PALMERSTON would probably have disapproved. If Lord RUSSELL had possessed the tact of his predecessor, he would have tried his followers in short flights from the Liberal nest, in the hope that, in a future Session, the love of office and of strife would urge them to assail the dragon of Conservatism in the struggle for Reform.

Lord DERBY was undoubtedly sincere in regretting the necessity of taking office. Personally, he would greatly have preferred the continuance of a mild opposition to a Government from which he professes to have been separated by no vital difference of opinion. Lord PALMERSTON disliked violent change as heartily as Lord DERBY himself, and it was not necessary to dwell on the divergences of domestic and foreign sympathies which, even in the most tranquil times, separated Lord PALMERSTON's Government from the hostile party. In pointing out the necessary tendency of Lord DERBY's recent policy to produce a change of Government, Lord RUSSELL had the best of the argument; and indeed Lord DERBY himself admitted that, after the defeat of the Reform Bill, the Government had no choice but to resign. As nearly every movement of the Opposition in the House of Commons was directed by Lord DERBY himself, there is some inconsistency or forgetfulness in complaining of the necessity of taking office. A veteran leader, full of years and honours, is sometimes less eager than his principal followers for the actual possession of power; and when rank and emolument are not objects of desire, the post of leader of the Opposition is perhaps the most desirable preferment in the political hierarchy of England. Younger aspirants were naturally, as Lord DERBY regretfully admits, less willing to lose an opportunity of accustoming themselves to place and to power. It was with a humorous indifference to criticism and to the feelings of his followers that the PRIME MINISTER expatiated on the difficulty of satisfying rival claimants for office. The places which require no special qualifications are often the least attractive, and a partisan who refuses a vacant office sometimes interferes with the pretensions of a dozen candidates for some pleasanter appointment. There is not the smallest reason to believe that the members of the present Government, or those who have not found room in the Government, are greedier for office than the leaders of any other party which has succeeded to power; but it is their endurable misfortune to have a satirical leader, who cannot resist the temptation of amusing the House of Lords with their struggles and disappointments. Lord DERBY allows that his friends were willing to waive their pretensions in favour of proselytes who might be tempted from the hostile communion. It is strange that he should have hoped for the adhesion of the Duke of SOMERSET, and that he should have expected Lord CLARENDON to forget, not only his party associations, but the bitter attack on his political character which was made a few weeks ago by Mr. DISRAELI, as if in anticipation of the very contingency which has since occurred. Lord DERBY's long experience might have taught him that the attraction of

approximately similar opinions is insufficient to overcome the repulsive force of opposite political connections. Beasts are distinct from birds, and plants from animals, although there are bordering organizations which can only be assigned with difficulty to one of the great natural divisions. A polypus does not become a seaweed because it is extremely unlike an elephant, nor can the Whig pass at pleasure over the imaginary line which separates him from the Liberal Conservative.

LORD DERBY'S political programme is judiciously moderate and scanty. His Government will look to the workhouse hospitals and frame a law of bankruptcy, and LORD DERBY and his colleagues have wisely not made up their minds whether they will propose a Reform Bill. An infinitely more important question at the present moment is raised by the state of affairs on the Continent. LORD DERBY protests against an imaginary opinion that his party are inclined to war, and he repudiates the intention of interfering, by act or by officious counsel, in foreign quarrels. There can be no doubt that the Ministers in general, and more particularly LORD STANLEY, are sincerely anxious for peace. That they have no distinctive theory as to the mode in which their object is to be accomplished is proved by LORD DERBY'S anxiety to retain LORD CLARENDON'S services at the Foreign Office. The Ministers were content to adopt any policy which might have been commenced by their predecessors, and therefore it may be assumed that they have no original views or special prejudices. It is above all things necessary that they should understand the new conditions of the European balance of power; and that, in their legitimate desire to protect minor States, they should remember that the subdivisions of Germany and Italy are inconsistent with the unity of two great nations. The ill-disguised cupidity of France ought to receive no countenance from Downing Street; and LORD STANLEY is bound to remember that the policy not only of France but of Russia may possibly conflict directly with the interests of England and of Europe.

THE WAR.

IT is only by degrees that it is possible to realize the nature and the consequences of so great a battle as that of Sadowa. It is now evident that Austria has throughout been overmatched. No troops could have fought better than the Austrian army fought at Sadowa, but all the substantial advantages of war were on the side of the Prussians. In the first place, the Prussian army was, at the moment of the outbreak of hostilities, in a state of most admirable efficiency. Probably the Prussian Government has been preparing for a conclusive struggle with Austria much longer than it has been willing to own, but the rapidity with which the semi-civilian portion of the Prussian army was collected for active service, and the high military qualities which these recruits from civil life have displayed at the very outset of a campaign, speak volumes for the excellence of the Prussian system. Prussia, too, had the great advantage of being undeniably solvent, and of having large sums of coin ready stored up for the moment of need. Her soldiers were armed with a weapon which, on some occasions in the open field, left eight Austrians dead to one Prussian. She also had far the better, or at least far the more popular, cause; she appealed to the national feelings of Germans, and offered to fulfil the legitimate aspirations of all the subjects of the petty States; whereas Austria had none but the rulers of these States on her side. Then, again, she had a general or generals of far greater ability, readiness, audacity, and originality. At present the names of these commanders are obscured under the blaze of royalty; but history will probably discover that MOLTKE, and other chiefs of the Prussian staff, are generals of an order to which Austria could offer no parallel. Lastly, Prussia had a very considerable superiority in numbers. The battle of Sadowa was lost because the Austrians found they had to do with sixty or eighty thousand more Prussians than they could manage. Austria defied both Italy and Prussia at once, and thought she could show herself a match for both. But her mistake was quite as much a political as a military one. She did not expect to be alone. She was the champion of the Federation, and the Federation ought to have supplied her with as many soldiers as she needed to keep in Venetia. She leant on a reed, and it has pierced her hand. The Federation has done nothing for her; it has not frightened Prussia, or held her in check. The plain truth is that the populations of the minor States do not want a war with Prussia. They partly fear and partly admire her, and she overawes them because she succeeds, and

they end their wavering by being proud of her success. The troops of these States can scarcely be got to face Prussians, and, if they do face them, they are at once beaten, and instantly let their conquerors know how much they find to console them in their defeat. When all these things are added together we see in some measure why Prussia has triumphed in Bohemia, and how great are the issues that are involved in her triumph.

For the first time, we have had a great battle described immediately after it has taken place, by narrators who have followed the fortunes of either army. The *Times* has supplied English readers with a description of the battle of Sadowa as it appeared to an observer on the Prussian side, and also with a description of it as it appeared to an observer on the Austrian side. We have never had this done before with anything like the same amount of fulness and graphic power, and the consequence is that, so far as a great battle can be intelligible, we now have an intelligible account of the battle of Sadowa. In all the minor details of war the Austrians shone out conspicuously. Their troops fought with the greatest possible bravery; they had taken every advantage of the ground they held, they had taken every precaution for the protection and for the effective service of their guns that science could suggest. When they were defeated, they retreated in excellent order; and their artillery and cavalry were used so skilfully and so boldly that the infantry were saved from the destruction to which they must otherwise have been exposed, and a sufficient number of bridges had previously been thrown over the Elbe to secure a retreat over the river. Thus Sadowa did not end in a rout. But still the defeat was most complete and crushing. The Prussians have now all Bohemia in their grasp. They will not let diplomacy interfere with them until diplomacy has made up its mind to give them what they want. They, as usual, believe that safety and success lie in action, and they push on to deal another heavy blow before they are stopped. The Austrians have been reinforced by some portion of their Venetian army, and have almost left the famous Quadrilateral to take care of itself. There will, therefore, in all probability, be another great battle fought for the protection of Vienna, unless peace is made at once by the interposition or at the dictation of France. Those who profess to understand military operations are already guessing where this battle will be fought. The neighbourhood of Brünn seems the favourite choice. But, meanwhile, Prussia is as busy in the political as in the military field of struggle. While the world is speculating what will become of Germany, she attempts to settle the matter by at once summoning a German Parliament. She declares herself to be the head of the German nation, not prospectively but actually; and it seems as if, unless outsiders interfere, she will be taken at her word. She, and all the States that obey her, will send representatives; and then a body claiming to represent Germany before the world, and to make a Germany by representing it, will be in existence, and will have to be wiped out of existence before a scheme of things distasteful to Prussia can be set up. The Southern States will probably not send representatives so long as the war lasts, although Baden would gladly do so if the Badenese were not kept on what they think the wrong side by their geographical position. But if the German Parliament once meets, the Southern States will have no choice but to cast in their lot with it. They could not afford to be left out in the cold, and they would look to Prussia as their real and only protector if the success of Prussia in the field continued. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, in an address to his subjects, the dignity and pathos of which have seldom been surpassed in State documents, announces that he will, if hard pushed, try the fortunes of war to the last. But unless he beats the Prussians back again home, he cannot undo the effect of what has already taken place. France can help him, perhaps, but he can scarcely help himself. Prussia will have instituted a German Parliament, looking up to her for guidance, and then Austria will have the choice of two evils. Either she must send delegates from her German provinces, who will be in a minority, and will have little weight, while the separation of her German from her other provinces baffles all her own schemes of internal reform; or she must gratify the dearest wish of Count BISMARCK'S heart, retire from Germany, and find her centre, not at Vienna, but at Pesth.

Italy is as much on the alert as Prussia, and the intelligence of the projected armistice was followed in a day or two by the news that CIALDINI, at the head of a hundred thousand men, had crossed the Po. What it is hoped that CIALDINI will do, does not yet appear; but there can be no doubt that he, like all his countrymen, is sincerely sorry to find that he can enter the long-coveted land and see no Austrians to oppose him.

The cession of Venetia was thoroughly unwelcome to the Italians, for it was peculiarly irritating that, when they were fighting and France was not, Austria should take no notice of them, but offer to deliver up Venetia to a Power that was not in the field. This was to treat the Italians with a contempt which they felt they did not deserve, when they had just shed their blood freely in battle, and were preparing day by day to renew the strife. Nor did the slight to Italy consist only in dealing with France and ignoring the Italians; it was also in supposing, or taking it for certain, that if Italy had the sop thrown her that she was hungering after she would be quieted at once, and would forsake without a scruple the ally by whose exertions she had profited so greatly. The Austrians pique themselves on ignoring the existence of Italy, and therefore they may well be ignorant of the feelings of Italians. The Italians have a much higher aim than the conquest of Venetia, and they have prosecuted their aim in a manner that does them more credit, and will gain them more respect in Europe, than any mere military success could do. They aspire to be a nation capable of independent national life, able and ready to fight on their own account and with their own resources, and welcomed as an ally because their alliance is to be depended on. The Italians, under the very trying and unexpected turn which things have taken, have behaved admirably. They have shown themselves ready to obey scrupulously all the obligations which their treaty with Prussia imposed on them; and the fretful Berliners, who instantly declared that Italy had betrayed them, have now found how completely they were mistaken. The Italians have not exhibited the least shade of jealousy at the success which the Prussians had had at a moment when they themselves were suffering from a severe defeat. They have rejoiced with a generous delight in every Prussian victory. But it is too much to say that they will owe Venetia entirely to Prussia. They owe Venetia not so much to Prussia as to the fact that, so long as Austria held Venetia, they could always detain two hundred thousand Austrian troops away from the scene of any other conflict in which Austria was engaged. Their defeat at Custoza did not in the least diminish their power of rendering Austria feeble elsewhere; and if the weight of Prussia has been felt in Venetia, it is equally true that the weight of Italy was felt at Sadowa. The alliance of Italy has, therefore, been of very great value to Prussia, and the Italians are now bent on proving that, as allies, they are as faithful as they are effectual. Here, again, the war has been against Austria, and in favour of her enemies. The war has stimulated the national life of Italy as it has stimulated the national life of Germany; and it has been the misfortune and the fault of Austria that she has given weight, and in some measure existence, to two great centres of new political activity, and has managed, at the very moment when she asks for peace, to alienate each from her as much as possible.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A FINANCIER.

WHATEVER may be thought of Mr. GLADSTONE's tact in conciliating the House or managing his party, even his adversaries admit that he retires from office with a reputation as a financier which no living statesman can pretend to rival. A generally accepted opinion like that which has approved Mr. GLADSTONE's finance is seldom wrong, and yet it is not at first sight easy to see precisely what qualities have raised the fame of the late CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER so far above that of any of his contemporaries. The explanation is certainly not to be found in his immunity from error, for Mr. GLADSTONE has committed, and indeed confessed, more than one blunder, and his last device of a new Sinking Fund was perhaps the most startling of all. Nor, on the other hand, is it possible to ascribe Mr. GLADSTONE's success to constant good luck. He has tempted fortune with various results. Sometimes he has been specially unlucky. His attempt to effect a profitable manipulation of the Funds by the creation of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock was projected when Consols were at par, and the rate of discount was about 2 per cent.; but, before the experiment could be fairly tried, war brooded over Europe, England was drawn into the vortex, and all hopes of carrying through the proposed conversion instantly disappeared. As might have been expected in an administration of many years, he has by no means been favoured by unbroken prosperity. He has had deficits as well as surpluses to deal with; he has produced both war Budgets and peace Budgets; and at least an average proportion of bad harvests—the most formidable enemy a Finance Minister knows—have disappointed some of his most legitimate expectations. And, worst of all, it was in his time that the almost intolerable blow of the cotton famine struck at

the foundations of our industry. If Mr. GLADSTONE's high position as a financier does not rest on freedom from mistakes or absence of bad luck, neither can it be attributed to that well-balanced tone of mind which teaches a man how far he may work a principle without riding a hobby. There is no doctrine which Mr. GLADSTONE ever mounted that he has not at last converted into a hobby, if by any ingenuity that feat could be achieved. He found the substitution of penny receipt stamps for the burdensome old law which every one evaded a brilliant success, and instantly he set to work to stamp penny heads on everything, until trade absolutely rebelled against the petty vexation. He candidly admitted his mistake and dismounted from his hobby, and the blunder which would have irretrievably damaged a smaller man left his reputation absolutely unimpaired. More recently, he was possessed with a notion, sound enough in theory but not the less to be branded as a crotchet, that the exemption of charity property from taxation was utterly untenable, and for the time he was wholly incapable of appreciating the weight of sentiment and habit and tradition that made the crusade he had proclaimed one of the idlest measures a sensible man could have brought forward. How is it, then, that a statesman not specially exempted from error or crotchets, nor favoured by any extraordinary fortune, should have maintained a reputation against which it is vain to cavil? An experimental Chancellor of the Exchequer is supposed to be an abomination in the City, and yet Mr. GLADSTONE is by nature given to experiment, and the City trusts him as it trusts no one else. It may seem a paradox to say that, in spite of the defects we have noticed, and perhaps to some extent in consequence of them, Mr. GLADSTONE has won his fame by being the most practical of men. We have had many Ministers to whom this epithet has been applied because they never would risk their own credit by trying any experiment the results of which had not been demonstrated by long experience. Sir ROBERT PEEL stood justly high in repute as a financial Minister, but, until new ideas were slowly forced upon him from without, it was more to the negative quality of safseness than to any brilliant achievements that he owed his reputation. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS was an example of thoroughly cautious and generally sound finance, though he too had his Sinking Fund; and yet neither Sir ROBERT PEEL before he had grasped the notion of Free-trade, nor Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, was so essentially practical as Mr. GLADSTONE.

Two striking illustrations of what we mean may be found in his mode of dealing with the Income-tax in 1853, and in the policy which dictated the Commercial Treaty with France. On both occasions he was assailed with theoretical arguments which he did not pretend to despise, and on both occasions he refused to be diverted by any specious plausibilities from the practical purpose which he had proposed to effect. The state of feeling on the subject of the Income-tax in 1853 was so different from anything that exists now that it is not quite easy to recall it vividly to the memory. The burden of the tax had worn out public patience, a host of actuaries and other scientific speculators had encouraged the demands of the victims of Schedule D, a Parliamentary Committee had been wrangling itself into the direst confusion about capitalized values and transitory income, Mr. DISRAELI had tried in vain to cut the knot by a clap-net proposal to grant an arbitrary reduction to the complaining schedule, and it was left to Mr. GLADSTONE to meet the demand for readjustment as best he could without impairing a revenue which left nothing to be spared. The masterly way in which he acquitted himself of a very difficult task deserves to be remembered. With an entire command over the details of the subject, he showed the hopeless impracticability of the actuaries' scheme, and pointed out the many inequalities which it did not even pretend to rectify. But, at the same time, he seized the opportunity of introducing a reform which had the double advantage of silencing the complaints against a productive tax and adding to his disposable surplus. He saw, what strangely enough very few of the theorists could be got to see, that an inequality between the taxation of income and property might be adjusted at pleasure either by relieving the one or by placing a corresponding burden on the other. He introduced the Succession-tax avowedly as the only true means of restoring the balance of the Income-tax, at the same time that it removed an accidental anomaly which had long been maintained in favour of a dominant interest. He knew that the compensation could not be theoretically exact so long as the one tax was fixed and the other variable in amount; but he has since been fortunate enough to be able to reduce the Income-tax to a point at which it bears, as near as may be, its just proportion to the Succession Duty. His refusal

to graduate the schedules won him the support of the representatives of property to a measure which they had always before rejected with scorn, while his practical substitute for the hopeless scheme of capitalization substantially closed the weary agitation which the Income-tax had excited. That these measures were accompanied by prospective calculations which, after they had been defeated by circumstances, he insisted on regarding as a Parliamentary pledge, did but prove how inferior his reasoning in opposition was to the practical policy which he pursued in office—a contrast which may invariably be noticed whenever Mr. GLADSTONE changes his seat in the House.

In the other contest to which we have referred—that upon the French Treaty—Mr. GLADSTONE met his theoretical adversaries with equal success. Fanatical free-traders insisted that it was contrary to the spirit of free-trade to enter into commercial treaties, and that it was a mistake to suppose that a reduction of our own tariff needed any concessions from a foreign country to make it politic or palatable. Mr. GLADSTONE was as careful not to deny this position as he had been not to meet the Income-tax theories with a direct negative. But he allowed no theory to blind him to the practical fact that, while the abolition of our own duties was in itself a gain, the corresponding reduction in the tariff of France opened fresh fields for commercial enterprise. He insisted on his treaty, and it is well that he did so, for it was mainly the French Treaty that saved our trade from the utter collapse which was threatened by the loss of American cotton and American customers. The same tone of mind may be traced in many of the less striking reforms which Mr. GLADSTONE has introduced. To refer only to one example, the establishment of Government savings' banks and insurance offices was at first almost universally denounced as a violation of the supposed rule that Government should in no case trespass upon the ground occupied by private efforts. Mr. GLADSTONE saw an enormous practical good to be done. He was met by the keenest and most interested opposition, and received only the coldest support from those who should have been his warmest friends. But no cant about private enterprise could turn him from his purpose, and already it is beginning to be acknowledged that these measures have conferred upon the working-classes a greater boon than almost any other modern statutes, with the exception of our free-trade legislation. Even his mistakes may often be explained by the same earnest desire to give practical effect to a sound principle. No other public man has shown himself so deeply impressed with the importance of frugality; and not only the Sinking Fund which he has, fortunately for himself, been spared from establishing, but many other blunders, have been directly traceable to the excessive influence of this unimpeachable doctrine of finance. He has even been suspected, not without reason, of desiring to aggravate the inconvenience of taxation for the express purpose of stimulating thrift, and in his last unlucky measure he probably calculated that the money won for the redemption of debt would be gained by enforced savings rather than by any ultimate increase of taxation.

It is one of Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiarities that his financial speeches in opposition are often marred by extravagant and unpractical sophistry, from which even his Ministerial expositions are not always free. The artifice by which, on one occasion, he manufactured an apparent deficit by affecting to have lost all the revenue which required a formal renewal, was almost as flimsy as his contention, when in opposition, that the suspension of a reduction which had been prospectively approved some years before was absolutely identical with the imposition of a new tax. But fanciful rhetoric is easily pardoned in a statesman whose measures are eminently practical, and as there are few instances in which Mr. GLADSTONE's rhetorical delusions have influenced his policy in office, a good-humoured smile has generally been the severest punishment visited upon them.

In analysing the spirit of Mr. GLADSTONE's administration, we have purposely avoided any reference to the great work which, happily for his fame, circumstances cast upon him. When his financial rule commenced, the principle of Free Trade had triumphed, but its work was scarcely half done. The position was just that which a man thoroughly practical and in earnest could turn to account. He was no lukewarm disciple of the doctrine to which he had become a convert, and a strong determination to carry through to the end the policy of CORDEN and PEEL was the guiding rule of his administration and the source of all his success. Neither oratorical ingenuity nor financial artifice have had half as much to do with the building up of his reputation as the unwavering faith and persistent energy with which he has

completed the task that was bequeathed to him. The results are known to, and felt by, all classes of society, and the man who has finished the work that the time called for is not unworthily rewarded by the reputation he has won.

THE CAVE.

MR. BRIGHT was happy in attaching to the temporary seceders from the Liberal party a title which was at once accepted both by friends and by enemies. The Cave of Adullam was easily remembered as the refuge of malcontents, and it was not necessary to observe that the principal inhabitant of the original Cave was no less a person than DAVID. The phrase contained a portion of truth, or it would not have been adopted as a name, with a certain mixture of injustice which is almost a necessary element of a nickname. Some of the party, or section, of the House might have personal grievances to complain of; but the majority were perfectly sincere in their exclusive hostility to the Reform Bill. Lord GROSVENOR would never have separated himself from his accustomed political connections if any other issue had been presented by the Government to the House of Commons. Mr. HORSMAN, on the other hand, has for several years taken every opportunity of opposing a Ministry which seldom happened to share his own peculiar interpretation of Liberal principles. Other malcontents were influenced, like DAVID's companions in the desert, by various motives, but in general it may be said that they were united only by their common dislike of the Ministerial measure. Lord DERBY was scarcely justified in his expression of disappointment at the refusal of his casual allies to wear his colours. He had pressed the late Lord LANSDOWNE to join his Government, and, as he explained to the House of Lords, by Lord LANSDOWNE he meant Mr. LOWE. Humbler political observers could have told the PRIME MINISTER that acceptance of his offers would have been inconsistent, though perhaps it might not have been discreditable. It was as a member of the Liberal party, differing from his friends on a particular question, that Mr. LOWE had claimed and won the attention of the House of Commons. If he had immediately taken office under the chief of the opposite party, he would have been plausibly accused of having acted under false pretences. Yet no suspicion could have had less foundation, for Mr. LOWE is wholly devoid of Conservative prejudices, except on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. Few members of the late Government would be bold enough to keep pace with him when Irish or ecclesiastical affairs may be under discussion.

It is at present impossible to foresee the future destiny of those who have lately dwelt in the Cave. There have been many instances of third parties which have ultimately been amalgamated with the great political divisions. The PORTLAND Whigs of the French Revolution, the followers of Lord GRENVILLE, and the followers of CANNING split off on different occasions from the great organic bodies. The remnant of the GRENVILLE connection ultimately took office or promotion from Lord LIVERPOOL; and, on the other hand, the adherents of CANNING, under the guidance of Lord PALMERSTON, were finally absorbed by the Whigs. The most eminent Peelites, after the retirement and death of their leader, maintained for some years a separate existence; but, after long hesitation, they also became Liberals, and the most conspicuous member of their body now verges upon Radicalism. All these sections, however, had been combined under individual leaders, and they generally represented some definite class of opinions. The most remarkable instance of a true political Adullam was furnished by the opponents of Lord PALMERSTON's first Administration. For two years Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. MILNER GIBSON co-operated on every possible occasion, jointly or severally, with Mr. DISRAELI, to drive the Government from office. Budgets, Chinese wars, and Conspiracy Bills formed equally convenient pretexts for harassing or defeating the Minister who had retained office after the secession or dismissal of many of his former colleagues. It was for two years uncertain whether Mr. GLADSTONE would ally himself with Lord DERBY, whom he supported on many important occasions. It was only certain that he would never rest until he had driven Lord PALMERSTON from power; and it seemed probable that, if he failed to attain his object through the discontented Liberals, he would, at all hazards, join the Conservative ranks. Lord JOHN RUSSELL came into Adullam under similar circumstances, but there could be no doubt that he would be faithful to his original party. When the Coalition overthrew Lord PALMERSTON in the spring of 1858, it would have been idle for Lord DERBY to tender office to Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

LORD PALMERSTON, on his return to power, showed his characteristic sagacity in dealing with the Cave of Adullam, and especially with its most formidable denizen. Every one of his former assailants, with the exception of Mr. BRIGHT, was invited to join the Government, and room was made in one of the most important offices for Mr. GLADSTONE. For two or three years afterwards there were frequent symptoms of mutiny and discontent, but LORD PALMERSTON was fully determined to retain as a friend the most troublesome of his former enemies. His prudence was rewarded by the tranquil possession of the Government for five years, and in similar circumstances his example is likely to be accurately followed by judicious Ministers. LORD PALMERSTON, however, repeated his original error in excluding Mr. LOWE from the Cabinet. No offer of place would have conciliated the uncompromising adversary of Reform when the question had once assumed primary importance; but a Cabinet Minister would not have made Mr. LOWE's speech of last year, and a natural repugnance to dissension with colleagues would perhaps have produced a calmer appreciation of the reasons for Reform. If the struggle is embittered and prolonged, Mr. LOWE will be almost compelled to approximate to the Conservative party; but if Reform is disposed of within a year or two, there can be no reason why he should not join a Liberal Ministry. LORD GROSVENOR is perhaps a less thoroughgoing politician, but he is connected by numerous ties with the party to which his family has for many years belonged. If possible, he will doubtless renew his former connections when there is no longer any special reason for secession. LORD DERBY and his colleagues can do nothing to conciliate their uncertain coadjutors, and their best chance of a permanent secession consists in the probability that Mr. GLADSTONE will perpetuate and widen the breach by displaying resentment against the principal authors of his overthrow. At the beginning of the next Session the Cave will hold the balance of parties, and it will probably not desire to precipitate the fate of the party which it has largely aided in the attainment of office. More active support will be given if Mr. GLADSTONE insists on the immediate production of a Reform Bill.

It is difficult to say how far separate action is allowable on the part of a section of a party. Parliamentary Government would become impossible if the rules of political discipline were generally disregarded, and if every member formed an independent judgment on all successive political questions. But the issue involved in the Ministerial Bill was grave enough to justify those who objected to the plan in withholding their customary support from their acknowledged leaders. If any members of the Cave had differed from Mr. GLADSTONE only on secondary points, they would probably have thought it right to submit to the decision of the Government. On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE would have shown sound judgment in altering his form of procedure when he found that it was obnoxious to some of his most respectable allies. If, as he intimated in his Liverpool speeches, the dissentients were really hostile to Reform, it would have been prudent to give them an opportunity of expressing their opinions in some decisive vote. From the moment at which the Cave of Adullam began to be occupied, Mr. GLADSTONE did his utmost to persuade its frequenters that they were outlaws who could not without repentance be received again within the ranks of the Liberal party. The most zealous supporters of the late Government are anxious to expose to the resentment of their friends and constituents all those who, under any circumstances, voted against Ministerial proposals. Some of the majority against LORD GROSVENOR voted for Sir R. KNIGHTLEY's motion, while LORD GROSVENOR himself supported the Government. It is not altogether prudent to urge an accidental body of doubtful opponents to adopt a permanent organization. It is certainly possible that any vote against any stage of the Reform Bill may have indicated a desire to defeat the measure; but there is no use in magnifying the importance of the Cave. The existence of the body, however, renders it difficult to estimate the stability of the present Government.

AMERICA.

AMONG the vicissitudes of contemporary history one of the most curious is to be found in the rapidity with which America has passed from the most prominent place on the political stage into a happy obscurity. While Europe is either convulsed by war, or watching in vigilant alarm the progress of events, the United States are engaged in disputes or party combinations which scarcely any foreigner even cares to understand. Time is meanwhile silently repairing the ravages of

war; and it is thought that within a year or two the production of cotton in the South will be as large as in the most flourishing days of slavery. America is now reaping the advantage of the institutions which, favoured by accidental causes, had reduced the functions of Government to the lowest point. The hereditary dislike of Englishmen to official interference has been fostered among their transmarine descendants by prosperity and consequent absence of crime, and also by the difficulty of providing a staff of functionaries for enormous territorial spaces. Before the civil war, a few United States District Attorneys and Marshals represented the Federal authority throughout the Union, and the Federal States only required the additional services of unpaid justices of the peace. It has now been necessary to provide a large body of tax-gatherers, and in some of the Southern States military officers still exercise a partial and exceptional jurisdiction; but in general the community continues to manage its own affairs, even when it hears rather than feels that it is deprived of its constitutional share of legislative power. The exclusion of the Southern representatives from Congress has been found little more than a theoretical grievance, as the laws which are thought objectionable have for the most part been stopped by the veto of the PRESIDENT, while the Constitutional Amendments still require the sanction of the local Legislatures. There would have been little satisfaction in sharing in the vague and purposeless discussions which occupy a large portion of the time of Congress in default of practical subjects of debate. Southern members would probably have been constantly provoked into the use of violent language, and their cause has often been better served by Mr. SUMNER and Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS than it could have been by any equally zealous advocate of their own opinions. Experience has confirmed the calculation of prudent politicians that the South could afford as well to wait for reconstruction as the North to delay a concession which must ultimately be made. The plans of the PRESIDENT, although they have not received the sanction of Congress, have been to a great extent practically adopted. The operation of martial law has been discontinued, except in a few districts, and the population must have been governed by the State authorities, because there has been no one else to supply their place. It may be hoped that the animosities of the war are gradually subsiding, and that peace and industry will tend to perpetuate themselves.

If the people of the South retain their former preference for comparative freedom of trade, their representatives would perhaps have done service to the country by taking a part in the discussions on the tariff. The disposition of one favoured trade to promote corrupt bargains in favour of any other protected interest was formerly exemplified in the commercial legislation of England. The West Indian members always supported the Corn-laws in consideration of their monopoly of rum and of sugar; and it was only when manufacturers suffered directly by the privileges of the landowners, that they became the vigorous champions of justice to the consumer. In the fiscal deliberations of the House of Representatives, the system which is known in America as "log-rolling" has been carried to its highest perfection. A company which manufactures iron screws, having found means to return one or two members to the House, has secured a monopoly of the sale of its manufactures by the simple process of exchanging Parliamentary influence with other trades in succession as they ask for special privileges. As Protection lends itself easily to the purposes of rhetorical patriotism, selfish legislation is made popular by its obvious tendency to injure the foreign producer; and it requires a certain amount of thought to understand that the domestic community of purchasers is more numerous than any class of manufacturers. The English upper and middle ranks of society are almost the only depositaries of the rudimentary truth that coats are made for the use of wearers, and not for the benefit of tailors. Sooner or later the Western and Southern States will discover the inexpediency of paying a permanent tribute to New England and Pennsylvania; but in the meantime America can do better than any other country without freedom of trade. The smaller the district which excludes foreign productions, the greater is the sacrifice imposed by self-denying ordinances on imports. Commercial freedom is necessarily confined to the globe, of the surface of which the Americans possess a not inconsiderable portion. If the theories of the leaders of Congress were sound, every State, if not every county, ought to impede to the utmost of its power the exchange of produce with neighbouring districts. It is only by a political accident that Florida and Massachusetts trade without restriction under a common Government. Inconsist-

ency is, in most human affairs, at once the corrective and the safeguard of error. Thoroughly logical blunderers are soon brought to their senses by running their heads against some insurmountable obstacle.

It may be hoped that American feeling will be satisfied by the cordial recognition of the conduct of the Executive Government in relation to the Fenian invaders of Canada. Lord DERBY formally acknowledged the good faith of the United States in his first speech as Prime Minister; and Lord STANLEY at Lynn awarded to the American alliance an exceptional importance, which was perhaps less prudently attributed to the friendship of France. It is often prudent to exaggerate a service received, and to express a gratitude which may deserve a future return. The PRESIDENT and his officers acted with vigour and decision in the enforcement of American municipal law; but there is no other civilized country in the world in which the piratical organization could have been completed with so little impediment. Lord STANLEY has to do only with Mr. SEWARD and Mr. ADAMS, and it is not the business of the English Foreign Minister to know anything of Congress or of the intrigues of American politicians. If, however, Lord STANLEY reads the American papers, he must be aware that the dominant party has, with a shameless cynicism, begun to bid against the Democrats for the Irish vote, by offering direct encouragement to the criminal enterprises of the Fenians. Mr. WILSON, Senator for Massachusetts, and Mr. BANKS, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the House of Representatives, introduced ROBERTS, immediately after the failure of his Canadian piracy, on the floors of their respective Houses; and the Radicals generally have now formally allied themselves with the criminal rabble which proposes to involve the United States in a war with England. Mr. WILSON is a well-known leader of his party. Mr. BANKS was formerly Speaker of the House, and he has since been a general in the Federal army. Mr. GREELEY, who subscribed many years ago to SMITH O'BRIEN's conspiracy, openly supports the Fenian plot. The moderate Republicans are afraid or ashamed to be honest than their rivals; and although they deprecate the Canadian enterprise which has been discountenanced by the PRESIDENT, they vindicate the right of STEPHENS to promote an insurrection in Ireland. English partisans and fanatics have often urged on their countrymen the duty of supporting the Radical party in America, their most plausible arguments being derived from the undisputed delinquencies of the Democrats who formerly governed the United States. It is unfortunately certain that unprincipled lawlessness equally characterizes both the rival factions, although it is true that the American Government generally abstains from practising the doctrines of its supporters.

Rudeness to foreign countries, and especially to England, is generally intended in America to flatter indigenous prejudices. Mr. WILSON and Mr. BANKS probably entertain an unmixed contempt and dislike for their Fenian clients; but the autumn elections are approaching, and an Irish vote is worth a cheap expenditure of hypocrisy. It is at present wholly uncertain whether the PRESIDENT or the majority in Congress will command the suffrages of the people. There will be no decisive vote before the Presidential contest of 1868; and it is now probable that Mr. JOHNSON will be nominated for re-election. His adversaries will appeal exclusively to the Northern States, for the South will probably vote as one man for Mr. JOHNSON. It is thought possible that both candidates may claim a majority, and it is difficult to understand how the right of the South to share in the election can be peaceably determined. The lapse, however, of two years will give time for compromises between parties, and for the diminution of political excitement. The most acute politician can but vaguely conjecture the relations of the parties which will meet in their respective Conventions to select candidates for the Presidency.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

IT has often been predicted of late years that the death of Lord PALMERSTON would be the signal for breaking up the old party divisions of the House of Commons, with a view to their reform and reconstitution. The fall of the Liberal Cabinet, and a substantial, though perhaps only temporary, disorganization of the Liberal party within a year of his decease, seem to justify the prophecy. It is true that the old constitutional landmarks of English parties are not so easily removed. During the present Session, powerful solvents have been at work within the Liberal body, and yet, notwithstanding the ultimate defeat of the Ministry, the cohesion of their followers, in spite of so many

centrifugal forces, has been considerable. The Ministerial army murmured all through the Session, laughed in their sleeves, diplomatized with the enemy, carried diplomacy on occasions to the very verge of venial intrigue, but, after all, voted at a pinch in the usual lobby, with the exception of a daring company of rebels. Some even of the most prominent members of the Cave might be seen now and then looking back, after having put their hands to the Adullamite plough. It requires some strength of character, some self-confidence, and no small amount of genuine enthusiasm, to secede boldly and with dignity. The occupants of the Cave at best have only half seceded. They have succeeded in destroying a Ministry with whose policy and constitution they were dissatisfied, but none of them except Mr. LOWE are capable of forming the nucleus of a new and independent section. If the recent disunion in the Liberal ranks was merely to be judged according to the political position of the isolated members who went over to the Conservative lobby upon the important divisions, one might reasonably doubt whether the consequences of the rupture between them and their friends were likely to be either lasting or momentous. For the purpose of estimating rightly the political situation, it is necessary to look a little deeper than to the accidental disaffection of prominent members of one or two great Whig families. The conversion of a few noblemen to practical Conservatism is not a phenomenon of which too much ought to be made. A new Lord LANSDOWNE may not be willing to accept the line of action traced out for him by his predecessor, under the auspices of Mr. LOWE. GROSVENORS may repent and be forgiven, and the expectation that stately Whig vessels will be driven in large numbers from their hereditary moorings by the terror of democracy and of Mr. BRIGHT is not unlikely in the end to be disappointed. Upon the other hand, real and extensive changes are taking place, inside both the Liberal and the Conservative camp, which it would be affectation not to notice. The movement is not one which may result in the alteration of the boundaries of parties, but it may not impossibly affect both the tone of the House of Commons and the policy of the nation itself.

The movement within the Liberal lines consists of a decided and significant growth of what, for want of a proper name, may be termed Philosophical Radicalism. It began during the régime of Lord PALMERSTON, but the dislike of Lord PALMERSTON to everything in the shape of political philosophy kept it, if not in abeyance, at all events within bounds. Till recently, there always seemed to be a wide gulf fixed between the Manchester School and the educated classes. Ambitious or venturesome thinkers of late years have made it their business to bridge across the gulf, and at length a bridge of some sort has been effectually constructed. When Mr. BRIGHT denounces culture, he denounces a quality which he may not esteem himself, but which an increasing section of politicians who appear disposed to take Mr. BRIGHT under their wing possess in an eminent degree. It is a noticeable fact that men of intellectual calibre and no little cultivation may be seen at the present time yoked unequally to the popular car together with less refined agitators. The position of Mr. MILL in the House of Commons, and of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH without, are instances of the movement in question. Both Mr. MILL and Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, whether we agree or disagree with their opinions, must be admitted to be statesmen and philosophers. The accession of strength which the more advanced Liberals have gained in them is undoubtedly important. Such men have a tendency to draw others, and especially to draw the rising generation, after them, in virtue of their genius, their character, and a certain nobleness of sentiment and feeling which pervades all that they say and do, even in cases where public opinion pronounces against their views. Philosophical Radicalism had been the creed of a few isolated doctrinaires. It cannot any longer be said to be nothing more than this. It is on the eve of becoming a power both in Parliament and in the country. In the present House of Commons it may not have made much way; but the present House of Commons is certainly not destined to be eternal, and if a popular Reform Bill by any accident is carried, the Liberal side of the House will take its tone to no small extent from the new school. Exclusion from office for a time may be the price which the Liberals will perhaps be called upon to pay for their more or less brilliant prospect in the future. But a more important result will show itself in the altered and more decisive character of the political issues on which battle is likely before long to be given and accepted. Political theories will hereafter be pushed to their logical conclusions, and doctrines which are both clear and distinct on the one hand, and advanced and extreme upon the other, will be openly

incorporated into the Liberal creed. For it seems on the whole uncertain whether the older and more stationary portion of the Liberal party will be strong enough to resist the influence of the new ideas, and to avoid casting in their lot with the movement. Nobody can help feeling at times an awkward suspicion that the old Whigs are growing powerless and effete. In the late Cabinet, the Whig families and their representatives were evidently dragged in chains at the chariot wheels of their more able and advanced colleagues, and Mr. GLADSTONE is slowly succumbing before the masculine and vigorous influence of thinkers more determined and logical than himself. His brilliant inconsistencies, his ancient predilections, his religious and sentimental leanings, all retard the process of his Radical conversion. But Mr. GLADSTONE is moulting, as fast as any one who has ever been a sincere High Churchman and Conservative can moult. What renders his position in the House and in his own party difficult and comical is that he moults with such evident pain and reluctance. Every now and then he makes a stand, and seems resolved to keep his old feathers. But in another month the mutation has begun again, and the Oxford cock has approximated one step nearer to the Manchester hen. It is somewhat singular that Mr. LOWE, who might *à priori* have been expected to play a chief part in the Radical conversion of the Liberal party, has declined, for unexplained reasons, the rôle assigned to him apparently by nature. It remains to be seen whether he has ceased to be a Radical on any subject except the subject of Reform. Though his abilities are indisputable, it may nevertheless be questioned whether even Mr. LOWE is equal to arresting a course of events which appears to be otherwise predestined. But the maintenance of the present constitution of the House of Commons is a serious bar to the success of such a movement as we have described, and if Mr. LOWE succeeds in adjourning electoral Reform, he will in fact be postponing the advent of the reign of Philosophical Radicalism.

Simultaneously with these changes, the symptoms of a parallel progress may be discerned inside the Conservative party. The seeds, indeed, of Philosophical Conservatism have been sown long ago. And though the Philosophical Conservatives of the day are popularly supposed to have little sympathy with Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. DISRAELI, it must always be remembered, will have a right to claim the title of founder of Philosophical Conservatism. The leadership of the movement has since passed out of his hands. Lord STANLEY is now its recognised and respected chief, but Lord STANLEY would be the last man to deny his political obligations to Mr. DISRAELI. It will be instructive to mark, in the programme and the conduct of the fresh Cabinet, how far the Tory party is willing, under his guidance, to shift its old ground. Some of the sentences in Lord DERBY's speech might have been written by the pen of Mr. BRIGHT, and two or three of the axioms about the foreign policy of this country which were first promulgated by Mr. CORDEN have at last been reproduced in a diluted form by the Tory Premier. The difference between the position of Philosophical Radicalism and that of the more Philosophical Conservatism is not, however, to be overlooked. Though the Manchester School seldom enjoys, except vicariously and by proxy, the delights of office, it seems strong enough to rule, and even to dictate to the rest of the party, and even to Liberals upon the Treasury Benches. The advanced Conservatives have not the same power of drawing after them their own political tail. At a critical moment Mr. WALPOLE or Mr. HENLEY cannot be depended upon not to jib, and to set the fashion of jibbing to half the country gentlemen behind them. Whatever are the faults of the Conservative body which Lord STANLEY and Mr. DISRAELI lead, it has one distinguished virtue. It prefers its hereditary convictions to place and popularity. New ideas it does not always accept as readily as could be wished, but on the other hand it is cheerfully ready to sacrifice political success for the sake of old traditions. This tenacity prevents the Conservatives from accomplishing the good that they have an opportunity of effecting, but it gives them a claim to the personal respect of English gentlemen; and if Tories do not always show generosity in the way they fight a party battle, they show a praiseworthy generosity in the remarkable manner in which they nail colours, and even time-eaten or effete colours, to the mast.

In presence of these stationary tendencies of the bulk of Tory members, it is difficult to believe that Philosophical Conservatism will be a political or Parliamentary success. If the mass of the party were more flexible, a fusion between the older Whigs and the Conservatives might be a thing upon the cards. As it is, such a fusion seems improbable, nor is it likely that the Cave itself can be

counted upon to support Lord DERBY's Cabinet permanently from their seats upon the Opposition Benches. No doubt Mr. LOWE and his friends are sincere in their professions of a friendly neutrality. But all the chances are in favour of the present situation terminating in the reconstruction of the Liberal party, not in a strengthening of the Conservative. Mr. LOWE and the Cave will find that they have to deal with a capable and enlightened Executive, but one which is at the mercy of followers who will accept no compromises. This will drive the Cave back upon its old allegiance; and though the administration of the present Cabinet will not be deficient in ability, it is difficult to believe that its tenure of office will be lasting.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

THE fortunes which attend worn-out statesmen are various. Schoolboy reminiscences suggest a cabbage-garden or a schoolmaster's desk as the retreat of those who have swayed empires. Emperors have sought in the cloister the peace which a throne could not give, and demagogues have settled down on the lees of respectability and a pension. It has seldom been given to a statesman to die in the highest post. PITT and PALMERSTON died Prime Ministers of England, but the dark hour of despair which was PITT's farewell to office and life presents a strong contrast to the mild autumnal sunset which gilded the placid euthanasia of PALMERSTON. For Earl RUSSELL a less glorious and picturesque end has been reserved. For we may perhaps treat his Ministerial career as finally closed. The time has come for thinking of his official funeral oration. The doors of Downing Street are shut, probably for ever, and shut by an act of political suicide, against one who for three and thirty years has successively tenanted every official apartment from the pantry to the dining-room. Contrasting in every point of character and political fortune with his great (chiefly because successful) predecessor, Earl RUSSELL dies, not, in the odour of Ministerial sanctity, a petted octogenarian, but by his own hand, in the fog of failure and disappointment, with scarcely a friend, bequeathing no policy to disciple nor empire to lieutenant, and certainly without a tear shed on his urn. He has ruled every department of State only to show that, as there was nothing he did not consider himself able to undertake, so there was no office for which he was fit. Being neither a round peg nor a square peg, he was always seeking, and never found, his vocation. In the various and chequered web of his official life, the late PREMIER has shown that in his case the old saw of *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* might be almost reversed.

Paymaster of the Forces from 1830 to 1834, he showed his capacity for military administration by the only substantial success of his statesmanship, the Reform Bill, his share in which he has never underrated. At the Home Office, from 1835 to 1839, he did little more than contribute his average quota to the non-efficiency of the MELBOURNE Administration. This inactivity at home was certainly not redeemed by his subsequent two years' slumber while presiding over the Colonies from 1839 to 1841. For the next four years his leadership of the Opposition was not the least element of the success of the great PEEL Ministry, which he replaced by his own Premiership in 1846. From that hour the old traditional and oligarchical Whiggery of which he was the feeble but hereditary representative was delivered over to the pains of a slow and lingering death. The cause for which one RUSSELL died on the scaffold died itself when another RUSSELL died daily on the Treasury Bench. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, as Premier, showed his great talent for barking, without the courage of biting. Those were the days when he chalked up "No Popery," and ran away round the corner. The Durham letter was as good a specimen of bluster as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was of imbecility. Five years of the highest office were signalized by this one abortion in legislation. But the bladder gradually, though slowly, collapsed, and, taking advantage of a defeat on Mr. LOCKE KING's motion, the first RUSSELL Ministry died of inanition after an inglorious reign. The Conservative party, however, had not yet consolidated itself, and after an attempt at a DERBY Government office was thrust again upon Lord JOHN. His second Premiership of eleven months was signalized by one spasm of petulant vigour. Feeble folk often execute the wildest feats of unnatural activity, and the solitary specimen of dash which the evanescent Premier displayed was characteristic. He was valorous and insolent towards his ablest colleague, and, in contumeliously dismissing Lord PALMERSTON for his despatch on the *coup d'état*, Lord JOHN broke the only crutch by whose aid he had halted

so long on the Treasury Bench. But the Avenger was not slow to assert his powers of retaliation; and the second and short-lived RUSSELL Ministry died ignominiously in the ditch of defeat on a paltry Militia Bill. During the ABERDEEN Ministry a succession of offices—the Foreign Secretaryship, a place in the Cabinet without a portfolio, and the Presidency of the Council—attested Lord JOHN's versatility and his uneasiness. He now began to display powers of another sort, and, having done little for his own fame, he sprang two not unsuccessful mines on the usefulness of his colleagues. He contributed largely by his secession from office to the break-up of the ABERDEEN Government; and though he took a place, and that place the care of all the Colonies, in Lord PALMERSTON's first Administration, he damaged both the Government and himself so materially by his Vienna mission that he had to retire from office in 1855. A statesman, however, like Lord JOHN RUSSELL *en congé* must always be doing, and he found or invented two occasions for tripping up the heels of his ancient and inveterate foe, Lord PALMERSTON. In 1857 he did not disdain to coalesce with Mr. DISRAELI, Sir JAMES GRAHAM, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. CORDEN in snatching a vote against his old colleague on the China War; and in the new Parliament which was consequent on this vote Lord JOHN once more, in concert with Mr. GLADSTONE, expelled Lord PALMERSTON on the Conspiracy Bill. Too magnanimous or too indifferent to resent these small affronts, Lord PALMERSTON, on his return to the helm in 1859, offered the Foreign Secretaryship to the political JACOB, and the supplanter of his brethren was not too sensitive to accept office from one upon whose political destruction he had exercised such persistent ingenuity of mischief. Of Lord RUSSELL's conduct of foreign affairs—of his meddling only to muddle, his snarling but not to snap, his empty protection which was always fatal, as Denmark found, and his equally empty threats and hollow defiance which were so welcome to the German aggressors—there is no occasion to speak now. Still less need we dwell on his last nine months' occupation of the Treasury, or on that unlucky abortion which, almost in charity, the unnatural parent destroyed while suffering under croup, rickets, and every variety of infantile malformation and disease.

This can scarcely be called a noble career of statesmanship, though in its way it is an instructive one. Lord JOHN RUSSELL had the misfortune to be marked out, by family and traditional associations, as the representative of Liberal opinions. But the burden was too heavy for him; the well-known pictorial epigram, "Not strong enough for the place," includes and concludes his life. Yet LEECH's pert little page thought himself quite as good as butler or steward. He never knew his own weakness. He has always lived under false refracting media. It cannot but be a man's own fault, somehow or other, that when he has held office almost without interruption for thirty-three years, has had the conduct of nearly every department of State, for twenty years represented the first constituency in England, was born in the Liberal purple, and has thrice been Premier, he should, with all these opportunities, have left the Liberal party where it is and what it is. It is not true that he even helped to consolidate it or to lift it into office in 1830; but in Lord GREY's Ministry, and after the carrying of the Reform Bill, Lord JOHN RUSSELL had the finest position ever offered to an English statesman. His official history is only the record of opportunities thrown away. He certainly carried the Registration and Marriage Bills, but he has not solved the Church Rate difficulty. Education owes to him his annual attendance at the British and Foreign School anniversary, but no more. Colonial Reform was not his handiwork. In ecclesiastical matters he has done everything to irritate, but nothing to conciliate, either unreasonable rivalries or unavoidable differences. He found a party strong, not in numbers but in principles, and that party lifted him, for he never lifted the party, into power. For a long succession of years he has personally done nothing to consolidate it. Indeed, the germ of its weakness and decadence, both under Lord MELBOURNE's and his own Administrations, is to be found in himself. He has not only left no political school, created no personal following, educated no disciple, but, finding Liberalism all but marble, he has left it mire and clay. To have thoroughly broken up the old traditional Whiggery, and to have alienated GROSVENORS, is unmistakable evidence of total failure. Simply to be cold and dictatorial and pompous is not fatal to a statesman. PEEL was cold, and PITT was domineering, and PALMERSTON was pert, but they never lacked the confidence of friends or the respect of foes. Not one of them ever served a colleague as Lord JOHN RUSSELL treated Lord ABER-

DEEN and Lord PALMERSTON. It may be admitted that Earl RUSSELL has been sincere and honest according to his lights. But his mistake has been that he has overrated himself; his misfortune is that he has had so long a career to show what is, or rather what is not, in him. It is a terrible thing for a small man of moderate powers to have such a succession of good chances as the late Premier has been blessed or cursed with. And now he retires to that rest which he once invoked, but, we fear, without the accompanying thankfulness to that political Providence which has given him such an ample succession of occasions for failure—occasions which he has made the most of. He is consistent. He has tried statesmanship, only to make shipwreck of his party. He has tried literature, fiction, poetry, history, political essays and memoirs, only to produce a succession of volumes most unread among the most unreadable. We scarcely know what future to anticipate for Earl RUSSELL. The London bells will hardly chime "Turn again RUSSELL, thrice Premier 'of England.'" Yet it is not in his nature to sink into the calm obscurity of one Premier of our own days, Lord GODERICH. He will probably be doing to the end. If so, one rôle of fussiness and lecturing is open to him. There is a great deal in Earl RUSSELL's character which suggests the Professor SOMERS' Institutes and the Bill of Rights to the University of Aberdeen, of which he was a year or two ago Rector? He is fit for this, if he is not fit for the Premiership. At all events, whatever combination or recombination may come out of the chaos, it is not very likely that Earl RUSSELL will ever sit at the head of the Cabinet board again. The British BENEDEK has had his last chance. The jest of an octogenarian Premier will not bear repeating. There was some fun in a genial joker of eighty. There is neither fun nor profit in a Premier who has lived longer than the ordinary age of man only to discredit principles and to break up associations which it had taken two centuries of struggle and difficulty to organize.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

KNOWLEDGE of the world is a phrase repeatedly misapplied, and seldom accurately understood, by those who employ it the most habitually. It is supposed to be a useful talisman which serves to ensure its fortunate possessor against the knavery or imbecility of his fellow-creatures, and the large portion of mankind who consider it the great aim and end of life never to be cheated naturally believe that knowledge of the world ranks far above any other sort of knowledge. The term "intellectual virtue" is sanctioned by the usage of some of the greatest philosophers, and, borrowing it for the occasion, one may say broadly that knowledge of the world is the pet intellectual virtue of people who have set their hearts upon either succeeding in life or upon enjoying life. Sometimes it is contrasted with the learning acquired from study and from books, and those who have no pretence for thinking that they are learned in this latter respect console themselves, and reassert their dignity, by maintaining that, after all, the proper study of mankind is man. Most persons who take this view admit, without much of a blush, that the study of mankind does not conduct the student to a very elevated conception of the morality or singlemindedness of the race, but they hold that, the constitution of our nature being imperfect, it is wiser to see it as it is. There is one platform, therefore, on which the sharpest of attorneys and the most profligate of *romés* are content to meet the most orthodox bishop on the Bench. All alike are convinced, with the Psalmist, of the desperate wickedness of the male and of the female heart. That all men are selfish, and that those who pretend the contrary are hypocrites into the bargain, that cupidity and lust rule the universe, that women are frail, and that there are few of either sex capable of sacrificing passion and interest to a generous idea, are the doctrines to be collected, it is said, from observation and wide experience. Students who only muddle themselves over books are always thought to be in danger sooner or later of being taken in. Either they are not acquainted with all the Protean forms of vice or roguery, and purchase an introduction to them at a heavy cost, or they build all their hopes and projects upon the shifting quicksand of the honour and good faith of others; or, last and most fatal delusion, they rely upon their own. From such misadventure and misplaced credulity knowledge of the world claims to preserve its votaries. The harmlessness of doves, even for an apostle, is scarcely so precious a safeguard as the wisdom of the serpent; and worldly philosophers, forgetting for a moment their decent contempt for hypocrisy, go so far sometimes as to remind us that a man does not necessarily become more weak by having a clear insight into the weaknesses of others.

It is certainly true that a sufficient acquaintance with the shapes that wickedness assumes does save a man continually from becoming the prey of his fellow-creatures, and the fact gives a kind of specious colour to the philosophy that finds vent in such maxims as those above described. A man, for example, who knows

what Delilahs are is not likely to mistake a Delilah for a paragon of all the virtues, or to entrust his honour or his life to her safe-keeping. Those who frequent the society of horse-dealers will not be as easily imposed upon by a screw as their more innocent friends, and if Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield* had been less of a Moses, he would not have come home to his family with nothing to show for his money but a gross of green spectacles. Old Bailey attorneys know a hawk from a pigeon when they see him, and do not put their names to bills with the good-nature that characterizes amiable young noblemen in novels. And it is true that the venial or occasional sins of the inexperienced are visited upon them in a way that seems to the outside critic out of all proportion to the offence. Life and health, to say nothing of prosperity, are lost over and over again by a solitary lapse from propriety or from good sense, whereas accomplished sinners who have seen life are armed with a hundred infallible preservatives against ruin of which less frequent backsliders are totally ignorant. It must therefore be conceded that, if self-indulgence is the object of life, knowledge of life is a recipe without which it is perilous to set out upon a journey through the world. Upon some such theory, either implied or expressed, the grand tour was once an essential element in every gentleman's education, and enabled him upon his return to cultivate in moderation the company of opera-dancers and of gamblers, without imminent danger of having his wings either singed or clipped. Life being a banquet, which exists only to be enjoyed, it was obviously desirable, before sitting down to make a hearty meal, to familiarize oneself with the nature and characteristics of the several fruits, to learn how not to mix one's liquids, and how to avoid the prospect of a headache on the morning after. There is, however, one fatal blot in this theory about the value of knowledge of the world. Want of it occasionally leads, as we see, to very sad results. But, place it at its highest, such knowledge of the world never attains to the position of a rule of action, and the absence of any rule of action often ends by plunging us into the very evils from which our boasted sagacity preserves us during the outset. In the long run, knowledge of the world does not necessarily keep a man from coming to grief, any more than, or perhaps as much as, a generous credulity and enthusiasm. The moral history of many commercial circles affords an obvious example of this fact. A clever speculator starts in his triumphant career with an impenetrable armour of scepticism as to the honesty of those he meets. Nobody ever catches him asleep, or, if he seems to sleep, it is, like Argus, with one eye open. But though he has a whole quiverful of sceptical maxims for his defence, he has no sound active principle upon which he acts, except the principle of self-protection and self-advancement. Safe in the assurance of his own wisdom, he soon learns to brave a number of risks and dangers upon which more innocent or generous persons, who do not think only of themselves, would never dream of embarking. He bets heavily, that is to say, upon his own experience, and though the experienced can afford to do so best, he is liable to reverse more than the man who never bets at all. The same may be said of other sorts of selfishness. The frequenter of the green-room knows life as perhaps a despised country parson does not know it. But if the country parson has not the protection of familiarity with the frailties of the green-room, he has protection of another kind—that of an exaggerated horror of them. Follies may not flit by him so lightly or so rapidly, but on the other hand they visit him more seldom. The classical type of knowledge of the world is usually considered to be Ulysses. As the poet tells us, Ulysses had seen in his course many cities, and learnt the temper and disposition of many men. He sailed by the Sirens as safely and more pleasantly than Orpheus, but upon the other hand he fell a victim to Calypso. It seems but a truism to say that familiarity with folly and crime weakens the moral character. Yet, on the other hand, the truism to a certain extent is an answer to the popular panegyrics lavished on knowledge of the world, if it be equally true that moral habits are the surest means of securing immunity, not merely from excess, but from disaster.

It is moreover to be remarked that the persons who lay so much stress on the value of what they term a knowledge of the world labour under a temptation to use the expression in a very narrow sense. The world is much more extensive than any individual horizon. Nothing is more striking, in the eyes of those who make it their business to observe such things, than the immense number of circles that exist beyond the limited area occupied by educated men and women. Those who lead a fashionable or even a tolerably social life are induced to think that London is not such a large place after all. In spite of its size, everybody either knows something of everybody else, or might do so with a little trouble; and it is rarely that two strangers meet who, if they compared lists, might not find some common face and name familiar to them both. And yet this sense of universal neighbourhood is a pure illusion. Outside the muster-roll of all our possible acquaintances, outside the whole range and orbit of those whose customs and sentiments and proceedings have the faintest resemblance to our own, lie hundreds of thousands of human beings who know and care no more about the *Times* newspaper, or about the classes who read the *Times* newspaper, than we in our turn know and care about the fashionable coteries of the Courts of Central Africa. To say, indeed, that they do not care much about the *Times* newspaper is to put the case feebly. How much intercourse or reciprocity is there between the world that goes to church on Sunday mornings and the Zoological Gardens on Sunday afternoons, and the world that sits at the feet of Mr. Spurgeon? But when one thinks that

there are possibly a million of human beings in the metropolis who have not even heard of Mr. Spurgeon's name, one cannot avoid the suspicion that a knowledge of the world is not so easy an attainment to acquire. It may be said that the passions of human nature are everywhere the same, and that the *habitus* of the haunts of civilized dissipation has mastered an alphabet which will serve him as a pass-key all over the metropolis, if not the habitable globe. Go where he may, he will fall in with the same spirit of rapacity, the same desire of gold, or the same thirst for pleasure. Doubtless, in the nature of its instincts and in the form in which it gratifies them, the world repeats itself, and sets and social circles, like successive generations, have certain dominant passions to which all flesh and blood is susceptible. The animal element is constant and invariable throughout, and selfishness is a habit too easily formed not to be almost ubiquitous. This is enough for the purposes of the adventurer or the voluptuary. He feels satisfied that wherever he turns he will find either a thief to be avoided or butterfies to be pursued, and the poor experience which leads him to this irrefragable conclusion he styles knowledge of the world. The man who knows no more of the world than this knows very little. In the first place, he knows nothing of the fierce struggle for existence that is going on all round him, or at all events very little of the character of the struggle; otherwise epigrams about the frailty of male and feminine virtue would seem to him strangely out of place. Secondly, he is wrong in imagining that there is such a monotony about the scene. To suppose that all mankind act or feel alike, because all have certain impulses in common, is a fallacy natural to the cynic or the epicurean, but still a fallacy. The forms of mental and moral life are infinite, and each form connotes a superstructure of habit or training under which the original instinct has often entirely disappeared. It is just as inaccurate to conclude that men are all bad as to assume that they are all good. Neither formula expresses even approximately the truth. From a moral point of view, man is a mixture of the two. Peel off the surface of virtue, and you find a vice. Strip off the inner skin of vice, and underneath you find again a coating of generosity. It is idle and trivial to puzzle oneself over the problem what would still remain if every coating in turn were stripped off. In such an interesting condition of simplicity human beings are not often seen, for the savage is as far removed from the mere animal as the European is from the savage. For present purposes it is enough to observe that those who build too largely upon the hypothesis of the universal frailty of their species are as often as not mistaken. Men and women are feeble, prejudiced, wicked, frail, selfish, vain, and a variety of other things. But they are also capable of self-sacrifice, honesty, disinterestedness, and enthusiasm, or the world would long since have come to a standstill. Knowledge of the world, falsely so called, does not help one to balance the chances in favour of the bright or the dark side of human nature being uppermost upon any given occasion. Perhaps it does not even do as much to assist one as more intellectual systems of education, which, if they do nothing else, introduce us, not merely to the passions, but to the thoughts and ideas and the past history of our race. At any rate, if learning does not enlighten the student on such points, it has not of itself a natural tendency to mislead him; whereas a systematic disbelief in virtue is both untenable in theory, and in practice is repeatedly belied by facts.

No knowledge of the world is indeed worth much which does not include a knowledge of the ideas and the imagination of the various classes of the world, as well as a bare familiarity with the force of the passions that are common to all. Habits and ideas, not passion, rule life; and habit depends on the influence that generous aims and ideas have over us, as contrasted with the strength of mere appetite. Knowledge of the world, as the man of pleasure employs the word, may aid us to understand or even to influence the action of individuals; but it does not aid us either to understand or to move a crowd or a class, far less whole classes. No great empire, no great creed or faith, no power of any permanent vitality, is founded upon the basis of ministering to, or making unworthy use of, the lower instincts or the more selfish impulses of men. Even the violent popular movements which history has been in the habit of vilipending, could we see them by an impartial light, would not appear to be the mere outbreaks of anarchy and covetousness that they are traditionally painted. Contemporary historians are always untrustworthy critics of important class movements. No synchronous writer is competent to deal fairly with the narration of important social changes, far less of abortive or intemperate attempts at social revolution. He is too much interested in the struggle to be a calm spectator. He hands down to posterity all the lawlessness and the crime and the passion that float like scum upon the surface of the torrent, without being able to grasp the ideas that give the current its strength and its direction—ideas which, though they may be misguided or perverted, are usually genuine, if not generous. As a rule, some noble error or exaggerated truth may be discovered at the bottom of every great movement, whether it has been a national war, a revolution, or a crusade. Vicious propensities have leverage enough to set this or that individual in motion; but, happily for the welfare of humanity, passion soon ceases to act upon a mass of complex human agents, unless it takes the shape of something like a sentiment. Knowledge of the world, in its popular meaning, does not tend, as may be imagined, to throw much light upon the history of any sentiments that are likely to do any one much good. And, lastly, the possession of it appears imperfect enough, if one reflects how few of the great thinkers or actors whose influence has been lasting have derived

their force from possessing the experience which it implies. Those who have stirred the world most are not those who have known it best in the sense of having exhausted all the science of vice. If there are any exceptions to the rule, they have moved the world *post hoc*, and not *propter hoc*. Perhaps St. Augustine may be said to have been a rare instance of genius and piety and enthusiasm, combined with a knowledge of the world. But St. Augustine, having known the world, became as one who knew it no more. He passed into the company of saints and of enthusiasts, and though his varied experience may have added to his acquaintance with human nature, the preacher who had studied himself would have known enough of human nature for his purpose without travelling through an atmosphere of vanity and pollution. The world through which we all are passing is certainly worth seeing; but it is worth seeing as a whole, and knowledge of the world is not deserving of the name when it signifies merely a knowledge of the manners and customs of the knaves and debauchees, acquired by voyages of discovery to their private places of resort.

PRUSSIA.

IF a diplomatist of even the seventeenth century could be recalled to life to contemplate the present state of affairs, there are several things which would puzzle him a good deal. Our own country would be the one in which he would find himself most at home, for it has changed only as every country which keeps its eyes open must change in the course of two hundred years. In France he would find a much greater amount of change, but he would still find many things as he left them. He would find the same line of foreign policy carried out which in his own time was already ancient, and, with an infinite change in the social state, he would find the political state practically brought back to that to which he was used. At the two ends of Europe he would be startled at the utter loss of European position and of external dominion on the part of Spain and of Sweden. The growth of Russia, the decline of Turkey, the union of Italy, the annihilation of Poland, the all but annihilation of Denmark, would amaze him a good deal. The sight of the great commonwealth of the United Netherlands changed into a respectable but insignificant Kingdom would require still more explanation. But how would he feel on getting within the limits of Germany? To find that there was no longer a Roman Empire might shock his sentimental feelings, but a little reflection would show that what had happened was simply that which some day could not fail to happen. The phrases of an "Austrian Empire" and an "Austrian Monarchy" would require a little thought, but familiarity with the House of Austria as an important element in European affairs might enable him to guess at their meaning. What would fairly and completely upset all his notions would be to find a Kingdom of Prussia counted among great European Powers, threatening the House of Austria with utter overthrow, holding itself as the equal of France, and as incomparably the superior of Spain. If he came from the second half of the century, he might have left the world with just an inkling that the Mark of Brandenburg was not unlikely to grow into something more than it then was. The Great Elector had already done something. His difficulty would be to identify the Mark of Brandenburg and the Kingdom of Prussia. But if he came from the earlier years of the century he would be altogether without a clue. He would just know the name of Prussia as a Duchy which the Elector of Brandenburg held in fee of the Crown of Poland; but a Kingdom of Prussia, a Kingdom with its name on the map running across all Germany and half Poland, a Kingdom touching France at one end and Muscovy at the other, would be something altogether beyond his reckoning. Perhaps a mediæval diplomatist would be one degree less puzzled than one of the days of Elizabeth or James. He would at least have heard of the Prussians as terrible Pagans, who gave Polish kings and Teutonic knights infinite pains to convert and conquer, and against whom volunteers of all nations went to fight with the hope of the same spiritual rewards as if they had fought against Turks and Saracens. On hearing of Prussian dominions and Prussian conquests he would shake his head and think that a Turkish or Saracen conquest would have been the less evil of the two. Turks and Saracens had some faint glimmerings of true doctrine, some slight capacity of civilized intercourse, but Prussians were unmixed, irreclaimable, heathens and savages. That any part of Prussia should ever touch the Rhine, that imperial Aachen and archiepiscopal Köln could ever sink into Prussian cities, would be an idea that could never enter into the brain of either.

The phenomenon is certainly a strange one. As regards the mere use of the name, it is perhaps unique. Other geographical and political names have wandered about in a wonderful fashion, but the migrations of the name of Prussia are certainly the most wonderful of all. But setting the mere name apart, the development of Prussia is only one out of several analogous instances; it might indeed almost be looked upon as an instance of a general law. The curious thing about the mere name of Prussia is not only that a great State should be content to call itself by the name of a small and remote province, but that a people should adopt the name of a foreign race whom they have so far extirpated that their language is no longer in use. To this there seems no exact parallel. A country often gets called after the name of some very insignificant portion of its inhabitants. Scotland and Switzerland are familiar examples. But the Scots at all events supplied

Lothian and Strathclyde with their royal dynasty, and Schwyz, though not one of the largest, is at least one of the oldest of the Cantons. The nearest approach to a parallel is Sardinia. The sovereign of Piedmont, like the sovereign of Brandenburg, took his highest title from the most insignificant part of his dominions. Till Sardinia and Piedmont were both swallowed up in Italy, the Sardinian name was often transferred to the continental subjects of the King of Sardinia, just as the Prussian name has been to the German subjects of the King of Prussia. But Piedmont and the Piedmontese never accepted the Sardinian name in the way that Brandenburg and the Brandenburgers have accepted the Prussian name. And though Sardinia was insignificant as compared with Piedmont and Liguria, it was at least not the name of a foreign and hostile people, whose race, creed, and speech had been extinguished by the ancestors of the Piedmontese. Altogether, for a great German State to assume and glory in the name of Prussia is a phenomenon to which it is not easy to find an exact parallel.

But, putting the name aside, and looking at Prussia as one German Power out of many, its march to supremacy has many parallels. Something of the sort seems always to happen among any collection of kindred States lying near together. Some one of them commonly rises to a predominance over the rest, which are gradually subdued or incorporated. This takes place by every possible form of acquisition—by conquest, inheritance, marriage, purchase, the voluntary choice of the districts to be annexed. What Prussia is doing in Germany, other States have done in different ages, in Britain, Gaul, Italy, and Spain. In all these countries some one State has grown and swallowed up the rest, and has assumed the name and place of the whole nation. And in most cases it has been a State from which such a process would hardly have been expected; some comparatively small and often upstart State, which has somehow—sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly—obtained an unlooked for development. In several cases this sort of supremacy has fallen to the lot of a frontier State, a *mark*, a settlement founded as a check on some bordering people. This is eminently the case with Prussia, a State the kernel of whose power has been the Mark of Brandenburg, a mere outpost of Germany against the Wends, a State which takes its name from a country beyond the German frontier altogether. The like is the case with the great German rival of Prussia—Austria, once, like Brandenburg, a *mark*, a German outpost against the Magyars. Its sovereign for some ages was merely the "Marchio Orientalis." The two Powers which have so long disputed the supremacy of Germany are mere creations of yesterday compared with the venerable names which they have eclipsed—Saxony, Swabia, Bavaria, and Franconia. So in the Iberian peninsula, Castile has grown into Spain; but Castile was not the oldest, but, except Portugal, the youngest of the peninsular Kingdoms; it takes its name from a line of border castles, forming the *mark* of the Christians of the North against the Saracens of the South. So in Gaul, the County of Paris was founded as a *mark* against the Northmen; it grew into the Duchy of France, it then assumed the royal title, it annexed all its own fiefs and so much of the territory of its neighbours as it could lay its hands upon. In ancient Italy there seems reason to believe that Rome was the youngest of Latin cities, another case of a *mark*, a Latin outpost against the Etruscans. We need not tell how Rome rose to the supremacy over Latium, Italy, and the world. In modern Italy Piedmont was not a *mark* in the same sense as Brandenburg or Paris; that is to say, it was not an outpost deliberately planted against any enemy. But it was a State which practically had something of the same character. The dominions of the Dukes of Savoy were partly Italian, partly Burgundian, and for ages their history has been a record of losses on one side of the Alps and gains on the other. Down to the restoration of the Italian Kingdom, Piedmont, the destined restorer, was a State less purely Italian than others, one whose Italian importance was of more recent date, one which was geographically the furthest removed of all from the natural centre of Italian affairs. Yet it was Piedmont, not the more famous States of Milan, Venice, Florence, or Naples, which was destined to grow into Italy. In Britain again, Wessex, engaged in constant struggles with the Welsh of Cornwall, might well pass as an English *mark* as truly as the Kingdom which actually bore the name. It was not the oldest of the English States, and its rise to actual dominion was remarkably sudden. At the accession of Egbert everything looked as if the dominion of Britain was designed for Mercia; in the century before it had looked as if it was designed for Northumberland. One King's reign was enough to decide the question for ever, and to establish, first the chief, and then the sole royalty of England in the line which has held it, with the exception of a few reigns in one century, ever since.

That the Mark of Brandenburg then should grow into Germany, or at any rate into North Germany, is something, so to speak, quite justifiable by a crowd of historical analogies. That it should bear what, when one comes to think of it, is so grotesquely incongruous a name as Prussia, is an odd accident which does not affect the essence of the process. But we presume that if Prussia does definitely grow into Germany, or even into North Germany only, it will change its name as Sardinia has done. The original name has vanished in all our parallels, except that of ancient Rome. But Rome was a city, not a kingdom or a province; the dominion was strictly in the city; the only way to be transferred from the ranks of the governed to those of the governing was to obtain the franchise of the ruling municipality. Paris, as if by

an unerring instinct, changed itself into France almost at once; the names of Wessex, Castile, and Piedmont, are either forgotten, or exist only as local divisions; and we suppose that when the head of the Hohenzollerns becomes the acknowledged chief of all Germany, or even of all ancient Saxony, the name of Prussia will have to go its way after its fellows.

A MODEL WATERING-PLACE.

IF all that "Our Saratoga Springs Correspondent" of the American papers has to tell be true, English people in search of a watering-place may justly lament that Saratoga Springs are so far away. Three weeks ago the season was just beginning, and it was predicted that "after the glorious Fourth Saratoga will be in its glory." There were a thousand visitors at the date of the last letters, but by this time there are probably from six to eight times as many. And the charm of the place does not reside in numbers merely. At one of the hotels "there is a very elegant company." "Although," says one reporter, "I do not observe many people who have any claim perhaps to be called celebrities, either in social or public life, nor those whose name is a spell in the walks of fashion, and who guide and control that capricious deity with the magic wand of Prospero, all of whom are no doubt biding their time, yet there are enough of happy people, and elegant people too, to render the occasional hops very charming affairs, and to make a pretty brilliant show in the carriages driving to and from the lake." This is very skillfully put, because the frequenters of fashionable springs are commonly much less strongly attracted by the prospect of happiness than by what the Americans call elegance. At least it is no slander against our own countrywomen to say that, in their pleasures as in other pursuits, they are always disposed to put elegance first and happiness second. Of course in America happiness is universal, and may always be taken for granted. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are expressly declared in their great Constitutional document to be among the inalienable rights given to men by their Creator. In this country, unfortunately, the pursuit of happiness is an inalienable right often maintained under serious difficulties. However, "occasional hops" with "elegant people," even if they were not exactly celebrities who wield the magic wand of Prospero, and whose names act as spells, could scarcely fail to assist us in this pursuit. Perhaps, after all, the writer's celebrities only correspond to Colonel Diver's American aristocracy. "An aristocracy of intelligence, sir, of intelligence and virtue, and of their necessary consequence in this republic—dollars, sir." Besides the occasional hops, "half the pleasure of Saratoga consists in a measure of the unselfish enjoyment of seeing your neighbours imbibing the waters of life and health, to their great bodily improvement, to say nothing of the tender meetings on the slopy swards of the park, the softly-whispered words washed down with saline and metallic beverages, and the pretty faces gleaming out from under anything but pretty hats which, like gigantic mushrooms, may keep the tender blossoms fresh beneath, but very decidedly spoil the picture." The sentence is so unreasonably long that one is apt to miss the number of attractions which Saratoga has to offer. But a man must have a very cold heart who is not inflamed when he thinks what the picture really is. It almost tempts one to cross the Atlantic to know that when we got to the other side we should be rewarded by tender meetings on slopy swards, though they would be all the more delightful if the tender partner of one's joys abstained from using the word "slopy." Then, besides these exquisite meetings, who can realize the charm of such an unspeakable process as washing down softly-whispered words with a saline or a metallic beverage? It is a little uncertain, from the impassioned writer's way of putting it, whether the speaker or the listener washes down the words in this graceful manner, and a scoffer insensible to the amorous flame and its mysterious nature may hold that words are meant to be listened to, not to be washed down with beverages saline or metallic. And, as a matter of pure reason, it might have been wiser to represent the nastiness of the beverages as compensated for by the softly-whispered words. But reason is an impertinence in talking of the affections, in which the true principle is the old *Credo quia impossibile*. We wonder, when Georges Sand talked about "*tous ces riens immenses de l'amour naissant*," whether she thought of saline and metallic beverages as being among them. Considering all this, and the slopy swards, we are not at all surprised when the reporter tells us that "of brides we have rather more than a fair proportion." "There were no less than four neophytes in the temple of Hymen at the dance last night, and it was hard to tell which was most devoted to the new worship, the beautiful neophyte or the accompanying high priest." If the people who whisper soft words use such language as this we can well believe that they need washing down with a beverage. But it would perhaps be only poor prose in which a newly-married woman was called anything less than "a beautiful neophyte," and a newly-married man than "an accompanying high priest." Only it will scarcely be a recommendation to Saratoga in the eyes of sober-headed folk that it is the fashion for brides and bridegrooms to exhibit so publicly their emulous devotion to the new worship. However, these graceful philanderings on slopy swards and at occasional hops have a good effect on the marriage market. For "since this house opened for the season, nineteen brides and as many bridegrooms have been made inexplicably felicitous at the Union Hotel, which is a most en-

couraging record to start with." Does the writer mean that the reassuring fact that there have actually been as many bridegrooms as brides, nineteen of each namely, is an encouraging record? Polygamy has been suggested as the only possible means of equalizing in a satisfactory way the supply and demand in English watering-places. It is a comfort for those who are interested in the progress of the race to reflect that in America at least they have not yet had to resort to this barbarous practice. "If the Union Hotel," says our social humourist, "continues to receive this interesting class of persons in like proportion"—that is, we presume, as many bridegrooms as brides—"for the remainder of the season, there will probably be a contagion here more formidable than the cholera, but a good deal more agreeable to young ladies and their mothers." Apart from its easy and unforced wit, this is almost too tantalizing to be read by those less happy young ladies and their mothers who are about this time beginning to look forward to dreary and profitless promenades at Scarborough and Whitby, and all the other places where they are assumed to take their pleasure. The imagination of a worn-out belle, or of her still more worn-out mother, almost faints before the contemplation of an hotel at which, in the very opening of the season, nineteen brides—and not only nineteen brides but nineteen bridegrooms as well—have been made "inexplicably felicitous." The thought of such bliss eludes the English power of conception.

But the whole atmosphere of Saratoga is evidently charged to the full with romance. Two old hotels were burnt down, either recently or otherwise, or rather "fell victims to the devouring element." Even these unromantic objects are full of suggestiveness. The reporter gives us his word that they are "sad sights to look upon." "Congress Hall, with its once magnificent piazza and sloping green, is represented only by three half-demolished chimneys, its solid stone foundation a heap of debris, about a dozen charred and blackened trees, gaunt mementoes of the days when for so many summers beauty and youth, love and hope, folly and dissipation, found shelter under their umbrageous arms." Folly, we may notice, seems still to haunt the spot, notwithstanding the disappearance of the umbrageous arms. "If these lonely sentinels could find a voice," exclaims our friend, rising to something like lyric enthusiasm, "what welcome chroniclers would they be of a thousand interesting chapters in the history of human life!" This is just the style of reflection suited to a fashionable watering-place; it is not too profound, and exacts no unfitting severity of meditation. Any young lady might spare time from the delicious pastime of washing down softly-whispered words in beverages, to ponder upon these things. A gaunt memento of the past, stripped by "that fiery disaster," or "the devouring element," or anything but plain fire, of its umbrageous arms, is precisely the thing needed to perfect the delights of the slopy sward. A touch of melancholy lends the last charm to love-making. The least inventive of lovers ought to be able to make endless capital out of a charred tree trunk. The vicissitudes of life, the inconstancy of human fortune, the growth and the withering away of natural beauty, are all reflections which fill the mind of every young woman, when in the society of every young man, with a sweet pensiveness that is "inexplicably felicitous," especially if they have been waltzing together at an occasional hop for one or two nights before. We agree with our guide and friend, that the huge mushroom hats, although they "may keep the tender blossoms fresh beneath, very decidedly spoil the picture." The mothers of Saratoga ought to take care. This hideous head-gear might disgust the stoutest of lovers. Even the spectacle of nineteen brides and bridegrooms might be robbed of all its infectious charm by a single hat of such monstrous construction. It has the same kind of effect as the sight of one's love hugely over-eating herself at a pastrycook's. A sickly chill creeps over the man's passion, and the assiduous toil of months may readily be undone by a single imprudence of ten minutes. The ill which might ensue to the complexion from an unshaded face is very slight compared with the disgusts engendered by an ungraceful clownish hat, which gives a hateful tone to the whole toilette. Yet this is perhaps the one feature of Saratoga life which we are sure to encounter in our own watering-places. However, we shall there escape the mutual blandishments of "beautiful neophytes" and "accompanying high priests" in their devotion to the new worship, and this result of English reserve is no small comfort. Whether the infectious consequences are sufficient to make up for the breach of outward seemliness is a question which it is hard to decide. The reports of the fashionable campaign which is now proceeding in town are not yet so complete as to enable anybody to estimate with any accuracy the degree of pressure which mothers will find it necessary to put on at the summer and autumn watering-places. We wonder whether an association of Belgravian mothers would not find it worth while to pay the expenses of three or four couples who might be sent down to the best hotel at the favourite watering-place. Perhaps the infection of these inexplicably felicitous decoys would be as irresistible as it is said to be at Saratoga.

MARTIAL LAW.

IT is to be hoped that we shall at least get out of the Jamaica case some sort of declaration, legislative or judicial, upon the vexed question of Martial Law. The Report of the Commissioners deals only with the question of fact, and says very little about

the law of the case, and we very much doubt whether the public at large are sufficiently alive to the great practical importance of the question. A remarkable change has of late years come over the temper of the people of this country in regard to matters of law, and especially to those parts of the law which relate more particularly to the liberty of the subject. We are apt to trust so much to public opinion, to newspapers, and to Government inquiries, that we care on the whole less than our forefathers did for those legal securities which, after all, form the ultimate guarantee of our liberties. Whether this is a good or a bad thing is a question which we need not at present discuss, but it is certain that the question of the legal effect and character of a proclamation of martial law is a matter which vitally affects our interests, and which it is highly important to discuss fully.

Several recent publications have directed attention to martial law, independently of the Report of the Jamaica Commissioners. Mr. Finlason has written an elaborate volume on the subject from the high prerogative point of view; and Mr. Dudley Field, an eminent barrister at New York, has published an argument which he delivered in the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of a man named Milligan and two others, which looks in the other direction, and which well deserves study, not merely on account of its intrinsic merits, but because it contains the clearest of all possible illustrations of the enormous practical importance of the question at issue. The facts in Milligan's case illustrate the lengths to which the doctrine of martial law must be carried if the doctrine itself is admitted at all, and as they are probably not known to our readers, we will state them. Milligan and two other persons were natives of the United States, and lived in Indiana, a State which was never the scene of hostilities at all throughout the whole civil war, with an insignificant and transient exception, in June, 1863. No one of the three was connected in any way whatever with the military, naval, or civil service of the United States; but in September and October, 1864, they were arrested by the orders of General Hovey, who then commanded in the district, and were by him sent before a kind of Court-martial called a Military Commission, which tried them for conspiracy against the Government of the United States, and condemned them to be hung. The trial began in October 1864, "when there was not only no enemy in arms within the States of Indiana and Illinois, but none within hundreds of miles." The finding of the Court was referred to the War Department, and was by that Department confirmed and approved, and ordered, on the 2nd of May, 1865, to be carried into execution. This was nearly a month after the surrender of Lee, and only two days before the surrender of Taylor, which closed the war east of the Mississippi. All the offences charged were offences against the ordinary civil law of the United States, and might have been punished by the ordinary tribunals. Against this proceeding the prisoners claimed the protection, first, of the District Court, and afterwards of the Supreme Court, of the United States; and the argument to which we have referred was delivered by Mr. Field before the last-mentioned tribunal, with what effect we cannot state. The importance to ourselves of the proceedings in the United States' Courts depends upon the fact that the whole case appears to have been argued throughout upon the principles common to their law and our own. Those who supported the proceedings of the Commission do not appear to have justified it on the ground of its being authorized by any special legislation. It was defended entirely on the ground that the President, in time of war, possesses the power of directing such proceedings to be taken, in his character of Commander-in-chief of the forces. The theory put forward by those who argued in favour of the Military Commissions was embodied, in part at least, in the following propositions:—

Martial law is the will of the commanding officer of an armed force or of a geographical military department, expressed in time of war within the limits of his military jurisdiction, as necessity demands and prudence dictates, restrained or enlarged by the orders of his military chief or supreme executive ruler. . . . The officer executing martial law is at the same time supreme legislator, supreme judge, and supreme executive. As necessity makes him will the law, he only can define and declare it; and whether or not it is infringed, and of the extent of the infraction, he alone can judge; and his sole order punishes or acquits the alleged offender.

The case appears to have been argued mainly on the principles of our own common law, and no one, we imagine, will contend that the powers of an English Sovereign and his deputies are less extensive than those of an American President. Indeed a good deal of Mr. Field's elaborate argument is directed to show that the President's powers are much less extensive.

Mr. Finlason's book, as we have already observed, gives the high prerogative view of the subject. We will not undertake a detailed criticism of his work, which is, in part at least, a sort of running commentary on the Jamaica case; but we will shortly state his theory, which is thus summed up in his preface. He maintains—

That rebellion is a state of war, in which subjects throw off their allegiance and justly lose the benefit of that common law which they by their own acts disturb. This state of war suspends the operation of the common law as regards all measures taken under military order and authority in carrying out martial law; and as against those who have caused it, the state of war is deemed to have commenced when they began the rebellion. That the declaration of martial law is only the mere formal recognition by the Crown of the existence of this state of war, and does not so much cause it as declare it.

That the declaration of martial law is the acceptance and recognition by the Crown of the state of war thus already begun and forced upon it by its rebellious subjects (a war, be it observed, on their side not lawful but criminal), and

that it has a definite effect which exposes them to the penalties and severities, while it does not confer upon them the privileges or powers, of war. That its effect is to place under martial law, that is under military power, all the inhabitants of the district, and subject them to the severe military discipline which is enforced in time of war among the forces of the Crown, and those who aid the rebels to the severe military measures which are put in force against the enemy; not merely, be it observed, those which are applicable to a lawful enemy in honourable war, but rather those which apply to the forces of the Crown in a state of mutiny, or to the soldiers of either side who are pursuing irregular warfare as stragglers or marauders; in short, such as are applicable to rebels who are criminals as well as enemies.

We have quoted fully Mr. Finlason's redundant language, though, by the way, there is a good deal more of it, in order to give our readers a just notion of the new doctrines which are growing up amongst us, and which are receiving countenance from those extremely influential commentators upon English law, our friends in America. We will not enter into a detailed controversy and discussion of authorities with Mr. Finlason or his American allies; but we will try to give a fair account of this very curious branch of the law, and to show how far it is really true, as some persons wish to persuade us, that the Sovereign, or her agents the Governors of colonies, have a legal right—subject to no control at all, except the slow and uncertain interference of Parliament—to suspend at their pleasure the operation of the common law in any district which they choose to describe as being the scene of a rebellion, and thus to declare war against (say) Kent, or Cornwall, or Lancashire, in such a manner as to make the whole population *primâ facie* rebels, or rather pirates, presumed to be guilty, and liable to be hung up to the first tree without any lawful trial whatever. If language has any meaning, Mr. Finlason's view goes this length; and the American view goes still further, for it would appear to authorize martial law in Kent on the strength of the Fenian raids into Canada. Certainly despotism never made such claims on its own behalf in this country as are now made for it by its partisans on both sides of the Atlantic, and that at a time when the old principles of constitutional liberty have become somewhat faded commonplaces.

The true state of the case we take to be somewhat as follows. No one will ever discuss the questions which lie *inter apices* whether of law or of morals, who does not begin by recognising the fact that, inasmuch as each is in its nature a very imperfect branch of human knowledge, extreme cases are capable of being put which it is impossible to solve by the help of mere general principles. For instance, the doctrine that the King can do no wrong is only a way of saying that the theory of the law has provided no sanction by which he can be restrained or punished if he does do wrong. We cannot say what would occur if the Sovereign should commit what in a subject would be wilful murder, nor could any lawyer possibly tell what would be the result of proving that George III. committed bigamy, and that the Duke of Kent was consequently illegitimate. The Constitution provides no means for trying the right of two claimants to the Crown. Who, for instance, could possibly have decided the question between the Houses of York and Lancaster? The only possible way of treating such questions is to deal with them as they arise; and human ingenuity can hardly find for itself a worse or more mischievous employment than that of devising quibbles by which old phrases of doubtful meaning and worn-out principles belonging to an altogether different state of society from that which at present exists, may be adapted to the solution of broad questions of immediate interest and importance. We believe that the phrases "martial law" and the "proclamation of martial law" are mere juridical phantoms evoked from their natural and proper obscurity in order to give a shadow of legality to acts which in reality are altogether devoid of it, and which, if they are to be authorized, ought to be expressly authorized by the Legislature, while, if they are done without authority, they ought either to be punished, or it may be pardoned, or even rewarded by the Legislature, if circumstances rendered their performance either highly expedient, or at least so apparently reasonable as to be an excusable error of judgment. With this general observation, we will proceed to discuss the question as to the nature of martial law, and as to the supposed prerogative of the Crown by which its existence is said to be justified. Like all questions of a constitutional kind, it is pre-eminently historical, and in order to give a fair account of it we must go back to the origin of the English monarchy.

It is by no means easy to say with accuracy how long the feudal system existed in this country, or to what extent it prevailed even when it was at its height; but no doubt the feudal obligation of military service did exist here for many centuries, and with it there existed the machinery necessary for its working, and the laws by which that machinery was set in motion. War was the great occupation of feudal times, and though there was less internal war here than in most parts of Europe, there were frequent campaigns against the Scotch and the Welsh, to say nothing of the wars with the French. For these and other purposes the feudal array was liable to be frequently called out, and when so called out was under some degree of military discipline. This discipline was no doubt the earliest kind of martial or military law which existed in England, and some of its outlines may still be traced, though much indistinctness prevails on the subject. It would appear, as a rule, to have been exercised more frequently abroad than at home, and never for any great length of time within the four seas. Feudal expeditions were generally soon over, and if we except the Crusades, there is hardly such a thing to be found in the history of England as a war lasting on year after

year, and conducted by regular armies in the field, till we come to the French wars of Edward III. There are, however, still a few traces of the manner in which the old martial law was exercised to be found in the Parliament Rolls and other authorities. The following propositions about it are perhaps nearly all that can be affirmed with certainty.

It consisted of two parts—the exercise of discipline over the army, and the exercise of military force on the theatre of war. The exercise of discipline over the army itself was in the hands of the Constable and Marshal, who had a Court described by Coke as “the fountain of the marshal law.” It had, says a declaratory statute of Richard II., jurisdiction over “contracts and deeds of arms and of war out of the realm, and also of things which belong to war within the realm, which cannot be determined or discussed by the common law.” Treason committed abroad might be tried before this Court in England. During a foreign expedition, the military court was the only one available, and English juries could try no offences except those committed in their own bounds, and of which, according to the ancient theory of the jury, they might have been witnesses.

The exercise of military force on the theatre of war, whether within the realm or without, appears to have been a different matter from the jurisdiction of the Constable and Marshal. From the very earliest times when a regular Government was established in England, it was clearly illegal in time of peace—time of peace being defined to be the time when the courts of justice were open; nor did the amount of violence which it was used to suppress make any difference even in those early days. In the 15th of Edward II. (1322), Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was beheaded at Pontefract by the order of a sort of court-martial; and although he had fought a battle with the King at Burton-on-Trent, “cum vexillis explicatis ut de guerrâ,” and had afterwards burnt the town, marched to Borough Bridge and there fought a second battle, yet the judgment against him was annulled in the first Parliament of Edward III., on the ground that the courts of law were open at the time, and that the King did not “in tempore illo cum vexillis explicatis equitabat.” Probably this last expression meant that the King was not at that time actually on an expedition against the Scotch, for he had an army with which he fought the Earl of Lancaster.

It is probable that the long reign and the many wars of Edward III. led to considerable encroachments on the part of the military power. The statute of Richard II., already referred to, was passed to declare the limits of the military jurisdiction, on account of the attempts which were made to extend it; and Richard's complicity in those attempts is assigned as the forty-fourth of the reasons for which he was dethroned.

It would be very difficult and by no means interesting to try to trace the progress of military power during the fifteenth century. It is enough to observe that throughout the whole of that period the power of the feudal nobility (which was never nearly so great here as on the Continent) rapidly declined, and that at the close of it the modern system of military organization and discipline began to take its place, though, as every one knows, regular armies were not introduced into this country, with all their system of regular discipline, till long after the civil wars. For our present purpose it will be enough to say that the Tudors and the first two Stuarts appear to have considered that their prerogative of declaring war enabled them to treat insurrections as public wars, and to assume against insurgents all the powers which, according to the practice of that age, military commanders were accustomed to exercise at the head of regular armies. It is impossible to read the Commissions of martial law which are printed in Rymer, or the accounts which still survive of the proceedings which in particular instances took place under them, without seeing that the Crown then took exactly the view of its own position and power which Mr. Finlason takes of Her Majesty's power, and, what is more, of the power of all her representatives in the shape of colonial Governors at the present day. That is to say, it was considered that the King had the right to declare war with a particular district, the war being not a lawful war, but a war against rebels and traitors, thereby subjecting the whole population or any part of it to instant death at the discretion of a military commander. This theory was plausible 240 years ago, but it is contradicted in terms by the Petition of Right. That Petition, after specifying at length the various objects of the Commissions in question, which included not only the punishment of particular offences, but also the government of bodies of soldiers, and after referring to Magna Charta and many other statutes, goes on to declare such Commissions and all others of the like nature to be “wholly and directly contrary to the said laws and statutes of these realms.”

We have thus seen what was the origin of martial law, in the sense in which it is now insisted on as legal. Its history may be briefly summed up as follows:—The martial law of the Tudors and Stuarts was an attempt to substitute for the old feudal prerogatives of the Crown, which had practically become obsolete, a new military power more efficient and far more easily managed—namely, a regular army, itself under martial law, and which, under Commissioners appointed for that purpose, might, in the King's discretion, subject to martial law such parts of the country as he thought fit whenever he pleased. The whole and every part of this scheme is declared by the Petition of Right to be utterly illegal. The Petition of Right, as every one knows, is a declaratory Act. It enacts nothing new,

but merely declares the existing law, and denounces all encroachments upon it which had illegally grown up.

In the face of these notorious facts it is difficult to understand on what grounds it can possibly be contended that martial law can ever be legal as against English subjects. It certainly, however, is the fact that not only has Mr. Finlason argued in favour of it, but the Governors of several colonies have gone the length of proclaiming and acting upon it in several colonies, in some of which we believe no local legislation exists which (as in the case of Jamaica) can give it a semblance of recognition or legality. On what ground does this rest? Mr. Finlason contends that the Petition of Right applies only to time of peace; that a rebellion may be a war; that the Crown, by proclaiming martial law, recognises the existence of this war, and that by such recognition its officers and forces acquire all the powers which they would possess independently of the Mutiny Act in a foreign war. To do justice to this theory, it ought to be admitted that it is the only one that we have ever seen which even professes to offer any sort of legal justification for martial law, if the words are taken to mean anything else than the common-law right and duty of repressing insurrection by the employment of armed force in any manner which may be necessary for that purpose, subject always to the ordinary legal consequences if this measure is exceeded.

The argument, however, falls to pieces as soon as it is touched. This simple answer disposes of it at once. If it were correct, the Petition of Right would be nugatory. If the Petition of Right had left the Crown the right of declaring war against a part of its own dominions as soon as it chose to describe a riot as a war, the only result of the Petition would have been to introduce a very slight change into the wording of the Commissions. The very object of the Petition was to restrain the Crown from treating insurrections as wars, and to compel it to treat them as crimes of which the ordinary courts could take cognizance. Assume that the Petition of Right applies only to time of peace, and assume that nothing but the King's pleasure is to define time of peace, and the petition becomes as nugatory as the Highgate oath. “Commissions of martial law shall be legal only when they contain an averment that a state of war exists to justify them.” In fact, however, Mr. Finlason has misquoted the Petition of Right. He says that it “recites as the cause of complaint that in time of peace Commissions had issued,” &c. The Petition of Right says not one word about time of peace. It is the preamble to the Mutiny Act, and not the Petition of Right, which refers to “time of peace,” and the reference is obviously for quite a different purpose from that which Mr. Finlason supposes. The recitals are as follows:—

Whereas the raising or keeping of a standing army within the United Kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law. . . . And whereas no man can be prejudged of life or limb, or subjected in time of peace to any kind of punishment within this realm, by martial law, &c.

After which the Act goes on to provide a system of discipline for the army. The meaning of this is obvious enough. It is that, but for the Mutiny Act, no standing army could be maintained and no military discipline enforced in time of peace, for which reason the Mutiny Act is passed accordingly. What then, it may be asked, can be done by the Crown in time of war apart from the Mutiny Act, and by the mere force of the prerogative? The answer is that, for practical purposes, this is a question of mere antiquarian curiosity. The Crown in such a case might call out its tenants *in capite* if it had any, or issue Commissions of Array if they were legal, or summon the *posse comitatus*, or appoint a Constable and Marshal with power to hold their ancient courts, or do fifty other obsolete things. In fact, it would rely on the army, the militia, and the volunteers, governed by the various statutes made for that purpose. Nothing can be more unreasonable than to invent for the Crown a fictitious power of declaring war against rebellions, and then to go back to times when Parliamentary Government was unknown to hunt up precedents as to the powers which may lawfully be exercised in such a war. To do this is greatly to misapply ingenuity and learning. The true rule is to take as our guides the broad and well-known rules of the law, and to throw on one side mere curiosities. There can be no doubt at all that the law provides ample means for carrying on regular war, and also that it warrants the use of almost any means that may be necessary for the suppression of a revolt. It is surely better to trust to these broad rules, and to leave excesses in their application to be dealt with in the usual and constitutional method, than to introduce a clumsy and unintelligible fiction under the name of martial law, which can be of no conceivable use except that of warranting some act which the common law would not warrant—that is to say, an act of unnecessary cruelty.

JESUITS IN THE SICK-WARD.

NOT long ago the Governors of St. George's Hospital came to the conclusion that it was desirable to improve the system hitherto pursued in the nursing department. The ghastly stories, over which all England has shuddered, of the miseries inflicted upon pauper patients by ignorant or careless nurses, are too fresh in the public mind for our readers to suppose that the conclusion was unnecessary or premature. We do not mean to imply that the nurses employed in our hospitals are of the same stamp as the wretched creatures whose incompetence and cruelty have made

our workhouse system a disgrace to a civilized nation, and have excited throughout the country so universal and profound a sensation of mingled pity and abhorrence that the new Premier thought the subject worth a prominent place in his political programme. But still no radical reform could take place in the nursing department of the hospitals without its influence being more or less extended to the workhouses; and, moreover, even in the hospitals, the nursing system, although it may look well by comparison, is very far from being all that it ought to be and might be. We may very safely take St. George's as at least a not unfair or unfavourable specimen, and we have it on the testimony of Lord Joceline Percy, who is one of the Governors, and who for more than twenty years has been actively engaged in the management of hospitals, that at St. George's "the present system of nursing works, at times, very badly for the health, the comfort, and even the lives of the patients." The nurses are "chiefly women of an inferior class," working for hire, without heart in their work, and with not sufficient principle to enable them to resist the temptation of sacrificing the health and comfort of the patients to their own—a temptation to which they are, from the nature of their task, peculiarly exposed. In dangerous illnesses, the patients are helpless in their hands—completely at their mercy; and when we consider, first, the untiring vigilance which such cases require through the long and dreary watches of the night, and then the character of the watchers, we cannot wonder that health, and even life, is too frequently sacrificed because a sleepy nurse neglects the constant administering of stimulants upon which recovery depends, or thinks (to take an instance which happens to have come under our own knowledge) that it is "a shame to waste good brandy upon a dying man." All who are familiar with the management of hospitals know that they furnish tragedies scarcely less horrible, though happily far less numerous, than those recently revealed in our workhouses. Even where the nurse is thoroughly kind-hearted, and where the most helpless patients are safe from cruelty or cold-blooded neglect, her ignorance alone may produce the most disastrous results; and inasmuch as the class from which hospital nurses are supplied have, as a rule, little or no education, this ignorance is an evil against which it is impossible to provide. There are, doubtless, first-rate nurses to be found, with clear heads and kind hearts, but they are few and far between; it is to be feared that Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prigg are less the exception than the rule.

Such being the defects of the nursing system, the remedy was sufficiently obvious. A radical reform was most likely to be effected by substituting for hired nurses, of the class we have referred to, nurses of a very different kind—well-educated, and high-principled, pursuing their noble calling, not for hire, but as a labour of love and faith; such nurses, in short, as those whom a grateful country has learned to associate with the honoured name of Miss Nightingale. It is scarcely necessary to say that nurses of this kind are not easily to be found, and even where individual efforts of benevolence are forthcoming on behalf of the sick and poor, their effect is too often painfully thrown away for want of a definite organization. It so happened, however, that the Sisters of St. Peter's Home, Brompton Square, an institution specially devoted to the training of nurses, offered to place their services at the disposal of St. George's Hospital, and the Committee appointed to reform the nursing department were naturally but too glad to accept the offer. Not only were the Sisters of St. Peter's Home trained nurses of the highest class, but, working together in one establishment, they presented the rare and incalculable advantages of organization. Moreover, the experiment of entrusting to Sisterhoods the nursing department of hospitals had already been tried elsewhere with signal success. The Sisterhood of All Saints have long exclusively conducted the nursing of University College Hospital, to the satisfaction of all concerned; and we are informed by Lord Joceline Percy that, "in a fearful epidemic, two of these Sisters were invited by the Guardians of the Manchester Workhouse to nurse about seventy-five typhus fever cases, and so wonderful was the change effected in the course of about a fortnight by these two heroic women that the Guardians entreated the Sisterhood to undertake the entire charge of the Infirmary, where they still furnish an example to hospitals, as well as workhouse infirmaries." No wonder that the Committee of St. George's were glad enough to receive the services of the St. Peter's Sisterhood. It was arranged that two wards should be at once placed under their care; and this arrangement was just being carried into effect when the Rev. Mr. Niven, Incumbent of St. Saviour's, Chelsea, appeared upon the scene with a pamphlet, which, when we compare its merits with the results it has produced, certainly deserves to be classed among the most remarkable productions of this enlightened age.

Mr. Niven throws quite a new light upon the character of hospitals—a light in which we are bound to confess, we never saw them before. We had innocently imagined that their primary object was the cure of disease, and that to this end, therefore, all their arrangements should be made strictly subordinate. But we now gather from Mr. Niven's pamphlet that this view is painfully secular. A hospital, it appears, is a sort of semi-religious institution, in which the treatment of the body may be, and indeed ought to be, provided for, but still only in strict subordination to the cure of the soul. Mr. Niven allows, with that engaging candour which is one of the most charming attributes of the philosophical mind, that "in a merely philanthropic point

of view the importance of our hospitals is generally admitted," and also that "the advantages which they afford for the study of medical science are not less widely acknowledged." But still he fears it "may be questioned if even their generous supporters are fully aware of the favourable opportunities which such institutions present for the religious and moral improvement of their inmates." And this religious use of hospitals is moreover just at the present time especially necessary, for "there is a strange unsettling of men's minds on many points, and the dangers which threaten our National Church are great and formidable. Amongst these there has appeared a disposition to find fault with, and, if possible, to overthrow that system which has so long worked well in our hospitals, workhouses, and similar institutions." It is awful to reflect, after reading this solemn and mysterious warning, that a Conservative Ministry has just had the indecency publicly to pledge itself to the "overthrow of the system which has so long worked well," and in which is bound up the safety of the "National Church" which it is specially sworn to defend. We suppose we are to expect a coalition between Lord Derby and Mr. Bright, strenuously supported by the Sisters of St. Peter's Home, for it would seem that Sisterhoods are at the bottom of half the mischief that goes on in this revolutionary age. Mr. Niven shudders at the notion of placing in their hands so powerful a religious and political engine as the hospital. It would "at once open a door for secret and mysterious proceedings of all kinds"; the "care of the wards might be entrusted to a Miss Constance Kent, or the notorious Female Jesuit." Mr. Niven's new view of hospitals as religious institutions introduces, of course, a new view of hospital nurses. When a nurse presents herself, it will not in future be our first duty to consider whether she is honest, clever, and sober; whether she will sit up night after night administering to a patient the stimulants upon which his life depends, or whether she will think it a sin to "waste good brandy upon a dying man." We must consider whether she is High Church or Low, whether she holds sound views on questions of doctrine and ritual, whether she is likely to send patients to Father Ignatius or Mr. Niven. For we grieve to state that among the "formidable dangers which threaten our National Church" is one to which it is a very painful and delicate task to allude. Mr. Niven finds that "Sisterhood nurses prejudice their patients against their own Church and minister." He tells a pathetic story of a "poor young woman of vicious habits," a member of his flock, whom he innocently took to a "Home," and who was exhorted by the Sisters not to return to his church. This is very sad, nor, we regret to say, do we see any remedy, or any means of reassuring Mr. Niven. We never heard him preach, and are not disposed to make the experiment; but if we may judge of his sermons from his pamphlets, we cannot say that we think it would be a work of mercy to recommend a convalescent to "sit under" him. Still it is only fair to consider his feelings as a clergyman and a pulpit orator, and we admit that, from his point of view, there may be something to be said for the theory that Sisterhoods may perhaps do "for the less favoured kingdoms of the Continent" (where the hospital patients are, we suppose, so hopelessly lost that it does not much matter what they are taught), but "that they are wholly out of place amidst the high privileges which Divine Providence has bestowed on our beloved Protestant England." Foremost amongst these "high privileges" must stand the nursing system of our workhouses in its intimate connection with the safety of our National Church—that system which "has long worked so well," and which Lord Derby, in his blindness, is about to overthrow.

Not the least absurd part of even this absurd effusion is that the practical point at issue is the character of St. Peter's Home, not that of Sisterhoods in general, and that of this point Mr. Niven's attack falls utterly wide. Nearly all his strictures are taken from Miss Goodman's book, which, although an elaborate exposure of the defects of the Sisterhood system, not only exempts St. Peter's Home from the censure so unsparingly bestowed on similar institutions, but even singles it out for high praise. Miss Goodman declares that "it seems impossible for abuses to creep in under such a system as that pursued by the St. Peter's Sisterhood." It is perhaps needless to say that this is not one of the numerous passages that Mr. Niven quotes. In a controversialist who knew how to reason such reticence would be grossly dishonest. But we have no doubt Mr. Niven honestly believed that, in concealing this passage, and using Miss Goodman's book against St. Peter's Sisterhood, he was only taking a perfectly fair advantage over Jesuitical foes. All the tirades he borrows from Miss Goodman against Sisterhoods have nothing to do with St. Peter's, which is so well managed that even Mr. Niven can only venture to say that "he has no confidence in its moderation," and to express a painful misgiving that if the "persons" on its establishment (a polite synonym for those who are ladies as well as Sisters of Mercy) are admitted into the hospital, "we should find it very difficult to prove anything against them, especially as they are under the patronage of one who is a warm friend to our hospital—a gentleman whose philanthropy we all admire, and whose princely liberality we should do well to imitate." That a "warm friend" of the hospital should be trying to introduce Nursing Sisters into it might seem, from the secular point of view, a fact very much in their favour. From the stand-point of Mr. Niven, who seems a sort of spiritual policeman, it only supplies grounds for a grave apprehension lest he should fail to make out a case, and

the accused after all be found innocent. He shrewdly asks, "Granting that St. Peter's Home is at present conducted in a quiet and moderate manner, what guarantee have we that it will continue to be so?"—a style of argument which, it has been humorously said, "justifies you in horsewhipping a man at Lady-Day because you believe he will affront you at Midsummer," and which would entitle us to lock up Mr. Niven lest he should some day set the Thames on fire by developing, through an inscrutable process, into a man of genius.

We should owe our readers an apology for dwelling upon such a pamphlet as this, if it had been treated as it deserved. In that case it would certainly never have occurred to us to notice it. But the very trashiness of the pamphlet makes it all the more worthy of consideration when we find that it actually produced the desired, and most mischievous, effect. The Committee, indeed, composed principally of men who understand the wants and workings of the hospital, did not take alarm about the safety of the National Church, and seem even to have borne with resignation Mr. Niven's risk of losing his congregation. But his No-Popery cry at once summoned from all quarters a panic-stricken body of old women of both sexes, who in general have very little to do with the management of the hospital, but who were sufficiently numerous to swamp the Committee. Protestantism triumphed, and the unhappy patients of St. George's, who might have had nurses of the Miss Nightingale type, are still left to take their chance of falling under the tender treatment of Betsy Prigg or Sarah Gamp. Mrs. Gamp may indeed have an amiable weakness for brandy, and may be perhaps a trifle too much addicted to dozing throughout the night, with the assistance of the patient's soft pillow; but she would as soon "sit under" a feeble as under an able preacher, and she has never been suspected of harbouring unsound views about the Apostolical Succession.

We are sorry to be obliged to deal harshly with a clergyman of whom we know nothing worse than that he has published a very silly pamphlet, and that, with pardonable professional vanity, he magnifies the importance of his own sermons. But really, when folly produces all the most mischievous results of malice, it is hard to be patient with it merely because it is well meant. When one thinks of all the heart-rending misery that surrounds us on every side, however we may shut our eyes to it, and of the heroic efforts of the gallant little bands who spend their lives in active encounter with it, it is sickening to find their exertions crippled by the folly and fanaticism of men who should be fighting at their side. People talk of the power of knowledge, but what is it to the power of ignorance with a good stout prejudice at its back? Here is the whole country aghast at the recent revelations of the sufferings inflicted by our nursing system on the poor; a new Premier is making the improvement of our workhouses a leading feature of his domestic policy; and yet, when one of our principal hospitals, one whose example would have wide-spread influence, resolves upon a most beneficial and radical reform in its nursing department, its efforts are at once frustrated because a clergyman publishes a silly pamphlet declaring that the National Church is in danger, that men's minds are unsettled, and that "a young woman of vicious habits" was exhorted at a "Home" to leave his congregation.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE OPPOSITION.

THE statement of Lord Derby contained a clear exposition of a point which has become patent even to superficial politicians. It is exceedingly difficult to define the lines which separate the borders of political parties. In the same way it is difficult to define the limits which separate the bulk of the Opposition from the bulk of the Ministerial party. So slight is the difference between the two that, viewed independently of its extreme section, the Opposition might almost be regarded as the adviser rather than as the rival of the Ministry; and it might almost put in practice the suggestion of a late Russian Emperor—namely, counsel the Ministry in a quiet and confidential manner out of the House, instead of combating it on the floor of Parliament. There are two variations from the uniformity of this general picture. There are the Radicals, philosophical and unphilosophical, who would never be content with giving any advice that was likely to be followed; and there are the pure Whigs, who dotingly believe that England can never prosper out of the tutelage of great Whig families. But either of these is not a very formidable party, nor, in any very appreciable degree, is of itself able to colour the policy of a strong Opposition. If left to themselves, the majority of this phalanx would not contest the general home policy of Lord Derby's Government, and on most questions of foreign policy they would be in unison with it.

But the tactics and temper of an Opposition are the tactics and temper of its leader, and Mr. Gladstone has ingeniously managed to exchange the leadership of the Government for the leadership of the Opposition. It becomes now a curious study to contemplate his bearing in this post. Whatever placability may reign among the rank and file, placability is not among the characteristics of their chief. Nor is the temper which could not contain itself when curbed by the responsibilities of office likely to become moderate in the open country of irresponsible freedom. If there was no holding Mr. Gladstone when the safety of his colleagues and the whole Cabinet depended on his prudence, who will hold him now when nothing that he cares for is to be lost through temerity? If he was

equally pertinacious and petulant in resisting amendments which were wholly immaterial, and which only a crotchetymonger could pronounce to be inconsistent with a sound and useful Reform Bill, will he be less petulant and less pertinacious in forcing amendments or proposing schemes which every sensible man would reject in his hours of reflection, and which only the hottest partisan would support in the passion of a party conflict? But when one speaks of Mr. Gladstone one never thinks of Mr. Gladstone alone, any more than one thinks of Faust except in conjunction with Mephistopheles. In some of those silly books which contain the idiotic creed of the Spiritualists, there are pictures intended to illustrate the influence of spiritual entities upon human beings. You therein see human figures, pretty much like each other, followed by shadowy parasites, whose different attitudes and types of face are intended to indicate the different types of character and disposition with which they inspire the mortals who walk before them. One is sullen-looking, another sensual; one is defiant, another crouching, and so on. Thus, too, Mr. Gladstone might be portrayed, followed by Mr. Bright as his inspiring genius, in that menacing attitude in which he defies and despises the existing state of society. For, as Mr. Bright was the real source of Mr. Gladstone's inspiration in his leadership of the House of Commons, so he will probably continue to be in his leadership of the Opposition. And, although the knowledge of this may sharpen the alacrity of the Radical section which fights under his banners, it will not be a pleasing reflection for the Whigs and moderate Liberals who have not yet imbibed a passion for destruction.

Fortunately, people by this time know the length of Mr. Bright's tether. That he will never be satisfied with anything short of a suffrage so democratic that the existence of the House of Lords will depend on his good pleasure, and the stability of the Throne upon the pretty behaviour of the Sovereign, is an inference fairly deducible from the uniform tenor of his platform speeches. But of Mr. Gladstone's views one knows little, because they are so incapable of definition. You might as easily try to define a dissolving view at the point in which one picture is merging into another. Here is the head of Queen Elizabeth and the head of her horse and the plumed cap of Leicester fading out of sight, while beneath and around is a hazy conglomeration of things which may be clouds, flowers, or waves. Mr. Gladstone's political views are all dissolving views of the same kind. They are hardly formed sufficiently to catch the eye ere they are gone again, and something else is there in their place. Here is a composite piece of Church and State, fancifully yet picturesquely designed, with quaint architecture half classical, half mediæval. While the eye is still scanning its composition, and travelling from Ionic column to Gothic tracery, lo! the structure is all gone, and in its stead we have a modern Anglo-Doric edifice dedicated to Free Trade. Presently this fades away, and in its track we view a huge plain building, for all the world like a conventicle of Owenites, reserved for the cult of Human Brotherhood. What more remains behind? What is the next conversion on which the inexorable Genius will insist? Or has he too his oracles in the recesses of a democratic background? Are Mr. Beales and Mr. Lucraft the real interpreters of the democracy of which Mr. Bright is the avowed but inferior representative in the outer world of aristocracy and class privilege? From which source will Mr. Gladstone be content to derive his inspiration? Will he rely on his former guide, philosopher, and friend? or will he betake himself to the august wisdom of Mr. Beales and the limpid fountains of Trafalgar Square? Gratitude to a patron is the first duty of an aspiring statesman. Mr. Gladstone is no longer young in years or in Parliamentary experience. But he is young in the arts and the successes of a demagogue. He can hardly as yet have rid himself of the first feeling of startled surprise with which he heard of the serenade with which his household was honoured by the rabble of Hoxton and the roughs of Clerkenwell. As every new impression seems to him a new delight, we may augur that the ensuing six months will witness a closer intimacy between the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition and the gentle lambs who bleated so loudly at the Carlton Club, and whose amiable intentions to Lord Elcho's house were so inconsiderately marred by an unsympathizing police. Persons who have visited some of the obscurer and least respectable haunts of our urban population affirm that their visit was repaid by a mixed sensation of fear and wonder. To so generous and trusting a neophyte as Mr. Gladstone fear must be unknown. A pleasing excitement will therefore suffice to reward the intimacy which he is now bound to cement with the typical "working-man" of London. The only difficulty which we see in the programme of the future is, how will the subordinate members of Her Majesty's Opposition demean themselves in this "inauguration" of Human Brotherhood? It is not every Whig, nor many a Whig, that has the same ductile imagination and pliant impressibility which Mr. Gladstone has. To sit by the side of Mr. Beales and hob-nob with Mr. Lucraft will be to him as delightful an excitement as to write Latin in symmetrical lines and believe that it is Horatian verse. But, putting aside the hereditary Whigs of unmixed blood, there are few Liberal members who would find it an agreeable pastime to give toasts in honour of universal fraternity, and pledges in favour of universal destruction. How, then, will the cohesion of the great Liberal party be preserved? Will Mr. Gladstone absorb his followers; or will the followers depasture on Gladstone? The latter alternative seems highly improbable. Gladstone in Opposition means Gladstone more eager, ardent, and impetuous than ever, and quite as eloquent

as ever. It means Gladstone peering for every foible, every vulnerable point, every possible failure of his antagonists; indefatigable, irresistible, implacable. When was there ever an Opposition that could afford to dispense with such a leader? The conscience of an Opposition is as wide as its purpose is narrow. Its purpose is to drive the Ministry out of office, and its conscience judges all feasible means of doing this right. That Gladstone and Bright should charge together on the dismayed ranks of the Treasury benches would be nothing very surprising. There have been far more unnatural conjunctions in the recent and in the past history of Parliamentary conflicts than this. But how would the alliance formed in the aggressive combinations of Opposition survive the decorous responsibilities of office? It is true that the last Ministry recognised the influence of the same ill-omened junction; but it is also true that in that it found its death-blow. The dogged obstinacy which imperilled an Administration rather than waive an unessential point was the obstinacy of Mr. Gladstone, but the spirit which counselled and confirmed it was the spirit of Mr. Bright. It was the peculiar fortune of this gentleman, by the terrors which his name inspires, to cause the rejection of a Reform Bill, the destruction of a Ministry, and the loss of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who in the domain of finance was without a rival. It is not often given to the same man to perform such a feat twice. But if any one person were ever likely to do this, Mr. Bright is that one. And we doubt not that if, with the co-operation of the Clerkenwell roughs, he succeeds in once more seating the leaders of the present Opposition on the Treasury Bench, he will, despite the valuable aid of these injured outsiders, also succeed equally in unseating them again, and finally breaking up the Liberal party into a mass of disjointed and incoherent atoms.

BREECH-LOADERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING some little exaggeration in the comments upon the Prussian week of victories, and even perhaps in the narratives from the seat of the war, it is impossible to resist the evidence that the needle-gun has proved itself a new power on the field of battle. Some allowance may have to be made for the irrepressible desire that we all feel to find some short and easy explanation of great and unexpected events. The prevailing belief in England, and probably throughout the Continent, was that the army under Benedek was more than a match for the whole strength of Prussia. On the first trial it has been crumpled up and defeated with a ruin only just short of actual rout. Every one asks why, and the answer is, "The needle-gun." Some day, perhaps, there may be a reaction from this popular belief; and as we thoroughly believe in the superiority of a breech-loading arm, and the absolute necessity of hastening its introduction into our service, we are the more anxious not to be guilty of any exaggeration in the matter. It is very hard to get accurate accounts of the details of hard fighting. The men who are on the spot have something else to do besides enlightening the British public, and the men at the top of towers must perforce get most of their information second-hand. Enough, however, of reliable fact seems to have come to the surface to settle finally the strangely-contested question whether it is or is not an advantage to a soldier to be able to shoot three, four, or five enemies in the same time in which a single shot can be directed against himself. It is a fact at any rate, and one well worth considering, that the great preponderance of military opinion in every European country except Prussia has been stubbornly adverse to the breech-loader. Volunteers and other civilians who dared to reason on the subject were crushed with the authority of live generals and fighting colonels who had seen powder burned in earnest; and the constant stream of modest outside opinion which has been flowing for years in one direction has been effectually dammed by the obstruction of highly experienced field-marshal and generals, who ought to know more about the soldier's arm than all the target-hitting tribe who swarm at Wimbledon. Nor has this prejudice been peculiar to our own country. If our great military authorities have denounced a scheme for enabling the rank and file to throw away their ammunition, the enlightened rulers of the French army have also had their theory that French soldiers fire too fast. Every army in Europe, with one exception, has until last week more or less confidently hugged the belief that a good bayonet on a slow-shooting rifle was better than all the needle-guns in the world. And this has gone on for something like twenty years after the nation that Frederick the Great made had fairly opened its eyes to the fact that three or four bullets would do more execution than one. The needle-gun proved its qualities in 1849, in the little campaign in Baden, and distinguished itself more conspicuously in the Prussian raid upon Denmark; but nothing less than a series of battles in which half a million of men were engaged could suffice to teach a very simple scientific lesson to a service which ought to be, above all others, alive to the importance of mechanical science.

Perhaps there may still survive some good old Tory officers who will not yet strike their colours to a breech-loading arm, and, if so, it will not be a superfluous task to put together the scraps of evidence which the present campaign has furnished on the subject. In the first place, it is only fair to admit that most of the heavy fighting at Sadowa was very much what it would have been if there had been no needle-gun. Benedek had the choice of the battle-ground, and he wisely arranged his troops so as to make the

battle turn as much as possible upon artillery fire and fighting under cover. All the hard struggles of the army of Prince Frederick Charles were at villages curtained with wood, and in such a position mere rapidity of fire loses nine-tenths of its advantage in the open. It is true that the unencumbered slopes over which the retreating Austrians were driven are said to have shown five Austrian dead for one Prussian; but this, if it stood alone, might be accounted for by the simple fact that the army which is beaten always loses many more men than the army which wins. Still, even in the great battle one triumph of the needle-gun is recorded. The Prussians themselves attribute the success of the Crown Prince's attack on the batteries which covered Lipa to the superior weapon of his troops, and it was this attack which converted what might have been a defeat into a magnificent victory. But the success of the campaign really turned upon the previous engagements by which the two Prussian armies fought their way to a junction, and in all of these the most unmistakable evidence is found of the enormous advantage which the Prussians derived from their breech-loading arm. Both sides give the same version of these encounters. The fire of the Austrians was comparatively ineffective, and the most resolute bayonet charges failed because nearly all the men were shot down before they could reach the Prussian line. At Skalitz and Münchengratz, at the bridge of Podoll and in the advance on Gitschin, the story is the same, and the last of these encounters peculiarly illustrates the power of a rapidly loading arm. "Four successive ravines had to be passed by the attacking force. Two of these were wooded, and there the stubborn Austrian regiments were only dislodged by hand-to-hand fighting. But at the other two lines, where a stand was attempted, the ground was comparatively open, and the Prussians mowed down their adversaries in a fashion which made resistance hopeless. Exactly similar accounts are given of the minor engagements with the Hanoverian and Federal troops. On one occasion it is said that a large force of cavalry was confronted by a small body of Prussian horse, supported by a regiment of infantry. The Prussian cavalry retired before the superior enemy, and wheeled round the flanks of their own infantry, who instantly opened a fire which so damaged the enemy as to allow the Prussian horse to return into the fray and scatter six times their own numbers. It is even said that regiments armed with the needle-gun beat off the charge of the enemy's cavalry in line, without condescending to form square; but, after the "thin red line" story at Balaklava, it is fairly open to a caviller to suggest that perhaps the men in line were never charged at all.

It is not necessary, however, to weigh with great exactness the testimony for each of these alleged triumphs of the needle-gun. Enough is proved, by the reports from the victors and the vanquished alike, to establish the fact that a line of infantry in the open, armed with such guns as our army possesses, is certain to be annihilated by an equal or even an inferior line armed with a breech-loading gun. This settles the practical question, and not only General Peel, but the Emperor Napoleon also, has admitted the cogency of the demonstration by instantly ordering the manufacture of breech-loaders with the utmost possible expedition. With commendable fairness General Peel admits that this decision had been considered and approved, and to some extent acted on, by his predecessor in office. Lord De Grey had ordered 40,000 Enfields to be converted at the Government factory within the year, and General Peel has increased the number to 100,000, and has besides invited the private trade to tender for a share in this essential work. But this is not all that is needed. The converted Snyder-Enfield may be a very good arm, but it is quite clear that no mere converted weapon is likely to prove the best possible breech-loader; and whatever other countries may do, England, with her comparatively scanty force, is bound to have the best arm that science can produce. Time of course is just now of inestimable value, and economy must always have some weight; but though these considerations fully justify the instant conversion of the old arm, they afford no excuse for slackness in settling the best possible pattern for the future, and proceeding to manufacture it with all due diligence. Whether this will be a simple breech-loader or a seven-shooter, or any still more destructive weapon, remains to be ascertained; and no time should be lost in investigating the matter to the bottom, and supplying our army with a gun which shall be at least equal to any that foreign ingenuity can devise. Hitherto the mistake in this inquiry, as in the questions of ships' armour and turret-guns, has been the intolerable delay in our experiments. We prove to demonstration the value of heavy guns and revolving turrets long after other nations have introduced and adopted them; and where the English navy builds one turret-ship with an armament of first-class guns, some of the least important countries in the world manage to acquire whole fleets, built and armed upon the newest pattern. For every ship that Captain Coles has armed for our own Admiralty, he has turned out a score for foreign Governments. In the end the model ship and the model cannon, perhaps also the model breech-loader, may be found in the British service, but hitherto our military and naval administrators have seemed wholly insensible to the value of time, and entirely forgetful of the fact that an army or a navy which is on the point of getting the best arm in the world may be beaten by a weapon of more moderate pretensions which has the advantage of being actually in the soldiers' hands. In careful experiment both the Admiralty and the War Office have done much, and if General Peel and Sir John Pakington desire

to win any laurels in their departments, they must learn to do their work with greater promptitude, and to keep pace with the mechanical improvements of the day.

MR. FARNALL'S REPORT

THE Report of the official inspection which has just been made of the sick-wards in the several metropolitan workhouses contains nothing with which every newspaper reader is not by this time familiar. The complaints originally made of the treatment of sick paupers have been established without, so far as we know, a single substantial exception, and Mr. Farnall has not found it possible to urge any plea in abatement of that condemnation of the whole system which has been pronounced with so much emphasis by the unofficial public. In every workhouse in London some of the elementary principles laid down by the eminent physicians and surgeons who have been consulted on the subject are habitually neglected, while not a few are characterized by the open and consistent disregard of every one of them. The first requisite of all, an abundant supply of pure air, would involve at the very least a provision for each patient of 1,000 cubic feet of air, and a superficial area of 80 feet to each bed; whereas in the forty metropolitan infirmaries the average supply of air is only 555 cubic feet to each patient, and the average superficial area only 49 feet to each bed. The supply of nurses is always wholly inadequate to the number of the patients, while in many cases they are so inefficient as to be useless, even if there were enough of them. The medical officers are hardly ever resident, always overworked, and usually underpaid, and, as a rule, it is made their interest to give their patients as little medicine as possible, as they have to supply it at their own cost. The classification of the sick is at best very imperfectly carried out, and for the most part they have, in every stage of their recovery, to spend their days and nights in the same room. Mr. Farnall's summary of the condition of every workhouse he visited is rarely anything more than a repetition of most, if not all, of these statements. If any sanguine person has hitherto clung to the hope that Mr. Hart and his colleagues in the *Lancet* Commission have exaggerated the defects of the workhouse system in relation to the sick, the perusal of this Report will deprive him of the last bit of ground on which such a belief can stand. The official judgment simply affirms all that has been asserted by private observers. For once there seems to be no room for any difference of opinion as to the facts. An enthusiastic Guardian here and there may volunteer an explanation of some of them, but it is always tantamount to an admission that they have been truly stated, though in his judgment wrongly interpreted. There is no question at all as to how the sick poor are treated. The only point which even the parish officials care to argue is whether it would be economical to treat them otherwise.

Whatever of novelty there is in Mr. Farnall's Report must be looked for either in his explanation of the way in which things have come to be in this state, or in the prospect which he holds out to us of their getting out of it. As to the first of these points, the real cause of the evil seems to be the extreme insufficiency of the powers possessed by the central authority. Some of the more conspicuous faults observable in the management of the sick have been from time to time pointed out to the Guardians by the Inspector. Thus the Poor Law Board has always advised the employment of paid nurses, and of late years its recommendations have to some extent been followed out. So, again, certain smaller defects in the supply of furniture and books have from time to time been remarked on, and Mr. Farnall reports that on these heads the Guardians have frequently, though not invariably, assented to his suggestions. But to all the more important requisitions, on the part either of the Inspector or of the Board, there has been one stereotyped answer. Any real improvement in the condition of the sick paupers must begin with an increase of accommodation, and this can only be obtained by the erection of new buildings. But whenever this has been urged upon the Guardians, they have met it in one of two ways. Either the times are good, and therefore it is needless to make increased provision for a diminishing pauperism; or the times are bad, and therefore the ratepayers cannot incur the increased taxation which such a change would require. Some such answer as this might have certainly been expected from bodies composed of the elements which usually predominate in Boards of Guardians, and unless there is some power vested in the central authority to compel them to do what is required of them, any recommendation of the kind is so much waste of breath. This is pretty much the light in which both the Board and their Inspectors seem to regard it. Mr. Farnall says plainly—"Some of the various circumstances connected with the workhouses which I have embodied in this Report have been known to me for many years." But he seems to have thought it useless to say much about them, inasmuch as such remonstrances "are generally inoperative when their adoption will result in an unusual though necessary outlay of the poor-rates." And again, the "Board has no power to compel Boards of Guardians to build infirmaries for the sick poor, or to oblige Guardians to elect and pay resident medical officers, or to enforce the paying for drugs out of the rates; and therefore, until these powers and other powers similar to them are conferred on the Board by the Legislature, sufficient infirmaries for the sick poor are not likely to be

built." We cannot say that this method of shifting the responsibility on to the shoulders of Parliament strikes us as altogether fair. Granted that new powers are needed, when has the Poor Law Board applied for them and been refused? The Reports of the Inspectors are published every year, and we are quite unable to understand why the double fact of the existence of these abuses and of the Board's inability to deal with them has been so long concealed from the public. Why has it been left to the chances of individual action to bring to light evils which, as we are now told, have been known to the authorities all along? Mr. Farnall has been inspecting the London workhouses for a good many years, and yet it was not till the 3rd of last April that his attention was "particularly directed" to such elementary matters as "the adequacy of the infirmary accommodation, the sufficiency of the arrangements for the supply of medical attendance, and the provision for the nursing and care of the sick." No doubt there are great advantages connected with the English fashion of unpaid agency, but it is carrying the system rather to an extreme to keep up an elaborate machinery of control and inspection, and yet leave the grossest shortcomings to be discovered by means of amateur "casuals" and amateur "commissions."

Upon the impossibility of meeting the evil by any half measures Mr. Farnall's Report is absolutely conclusive. Out of the forty workhouses that he inspected, only one is, as it stands, "sufficient for the purposes to which it is dedicated." In eleven no alterations can be made which would secure the required improvements. In fourteen more, such alterations would involve the withdrawal of nearly half the beds now placed in the sick-wards, and the consequent distribution of nearly half the patients among the wards appropriated to the healthy inmates. There remain fourteen out of the whole number which "stand on sites a great proportion of which is unoccupied by buildings, and on which therefore the Guardians could, if they thought fit, build hospitals upon a system calculated to meet the requirements of medical science." Two-thirds, therefore, of the metropolitan workhouses are hopelessly unfit for the reception of the sick paupers of their respective neighbourhoods; and when once this fact has been ascertained, the particular course to be pursued becomes immediately and greatly simplified. If it had been possible to treat the sick properly in the existing buildings, a good deal might have been said in favour of retaining the local connection between the levying and the expenditure of the poor-rate. But now that this is impossible there seems to be no other line of action open to us than to follow out the recommendation first put forward by Mr. Hart, and now adopted by Mr. Farnall, of constructing separate hospitals for the sick poor of London, to be built and kept up by a distinct rate, which shall be collected from the whole metropolitan district. We are not sorry that the conditions of the problem allow of no other solution for it than this. It is quite true that, even when this has been accomplished, much will still remain to be done. The entire relations of the Poor Law Board to the local authorities need remodelling; a whole series of local Acts, which withdraw the parishes affected by them even from that very imperfect supervision which the Commissioners actually exercise, must be repealed; the condition of the sick poor in the workhouses throughout the country ought to be inquired into; and provision should be made for a class which is no less an object of commiseration than the sick—namely, the old and incurable paupers. For some reasons perhaps it would be well to deal with all these questions in a single comprehensive measure, but in that case we might have to wait years before effecting any amendment in any one of them. And the fact that the local circumstances of the London workhouses require exceptional treatment comes in very conveniently as a conclusive answer to any attempted argument for delay. This particular branch of the subject admits of being dealt with in but one way, and consequently it admits of being dealt with without any further loss of time. The principle of district hospitals has been already recognised in our Poor Law legislation by the establishment of district schools; the principle of a uniform rating over the metropolitan area for certain purposes has been already recognised in the Houseless Poor Act. We can see no obstacle to the combination of these two elements in a "Metropolitan District Hospital Act," and we strongly urge upon the new President of the Poor Law Board the importance of signaling his accession to office by passing such a measure through Parliament. So much has been said and written upon the subject of late, that a Minister would have an unusually large share of that support out of doors which is eminently needed when so many local interests are affected. To carry a Bill through the House of Commons in the teeth of the Metropolitan Vestries is a task which requires either a strong Government or a popular cause. If Mr. Gathorne Hardy will take the matter in hand at once, he will certainly secure the latter requisite, and it is possible that a conspicuous success on his part might even tend towards the attainment of the former.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

VII.

THE existence of Academies may be favourable to the knowledge of the human figure, and it is possible to conceive how an Academy might, by encouraging the more elevated and less popular forms of figure-art, render true service as a standing protest against popular taste and a permanent obstacle to its domina-

tion. Some such virtue as this charmed Professor Arnold in the literary Academy of France; and there can be no doubt that, if the object of sustaining the health of one branch of art could be attained without injury to any other, and if Academies were the best means to this end, they ought to be heartily supported. There are, however, two points on which the Royal Academy falls short of this usefulness. First, it encourages, both by example and by its elections, the unfortunate tendency of our age to fashionable surface-painting; and, secondly, by its immense preponderance in the art-world, it deprives landscape-painting of some considerable portion of that relative weight which, from the ability of its professors, and the great love of nature which is the redeeming virtue of the modern public, would, if there were no Academy, certainly belong to it. The actual state of matters is briefly this. The Academy exists for figure-painters. For several years it has ceased to elect landscape-painters, and it is now well understood that no professor of pure landscape need hope for election. And yet, at the same time, the title of Academician has certainly increased in value, and the Academy has assumed more and more the position of an aristocracy of artists. The pecuniary value of Academic rank is in these days very considerable. That it should have any pecuniary value at all is a proof that the public does not entirely rely on its own judgment of artistic merit; that it should have any great pecuniary value amounts to a confession of national incapacity in art-criticism. However, the fact is so; and the general public infers that the costume-painter who is elected is a better artist than the landscape-painter who, simply because he is a landscape-painter, has no chance of being elected. This also creates an impression in the public mind that the landscape-painters as a class are not very good artists, for, if they were, it is inferred, they would more frequently rise to the honours of the profession.

We do not attach much blame to the Academy for its neglect of landscape. Landscape-painting has never been taught in the schools of the Academy, nor could it, except so far as mere copying might go, be cultivated in such a place as Trafalgar Square. The Academicians have naturally most sympathy with the art which the Academy teaches, and as figure-painters are already a strong majority, it is natural that, since the Academy is a self-elected body, that majority should have a constant tendency to increase, and even to absorb the whole corporation. In an Academy of linguists, if Latin and Greek were the studies of the place, and French and German studies were only pursued outside the place, the modern languages would hold a markedly inferior rank. Now landscape at the Royal Academy is like French at Eton; it is tolerated, but it leads to nothing. And just as the modern linguist, however profound his acquaintance with foreign literature, is never spoken of as a "scholar"—that title being reserved for the master of ancient languages—so the landscape-painter, however great his knowledge, is never looked upon as a learned artist. Indeed, it is continually asserted by figure-painters, and believed in society, that an artist who can paint the figure well can also paint landscape better than the "mere" landscape-painter. For these reasons a rumour has been gaining strength for some time past that landscape is in a "decadent" condition. But its condition is decadent only so far as its worldly rank and prosperity are concerned. We are not prepared to maintain that modern landscape is free from those great faults which it has been our duty to point out in contemporary figure-art, nor is it our intention to shrink from an exposition of them; but at the same time we feel bound to declare that the landscape of the present year has in several instances risen far above mediocrity, and once or twice even to greatness.

Mr. Albert Bierstadt's large picture of "The Rocky Mountains," exhibited separately in the Haymarket, is remarkable for its reliance on a kind of interest which the general chorus of critics has hitherto persistently declared to be insufficient for artistic purposes. The received theory is, that without human interest the materials of natural landscape have no artistic availability, and that no natural scenery, however beautiful, can affect us in a work of art, unless subtly connected in our minds with associations of history or tradition. Mr. Bierstadt is too true a lover of nature to feel bound by any such narrow theory as this, and his picture is the illustration of a scene which is absolutely devoid of all historic association whatever, and which, so far from being familiar to the eyes of tourists, had remained unvisited by white men until an exploring party, of which the artist was himself a member, discovered it in the year 1858. It is true that an Indian encampment is introduced in the foreground of the picture, but the strongest advocate of "human interest" can scarcely maintain that the wretched existence of these savages confers any reflected glory of man's achievement on those towering crests beyond. We may even go further, and argue that the introduction of the Indian camp gives to the natural landscape an importance yet more overwhelming than if no human life were visible in its august presence. Here is a magnificent mountain-chain, a great series of natural fortresses, which all the power of the human race cannot remove, and which quietly stands in its place, armed with avalanche and glacier, and fortified with walls of solid rock ten thousand yards thick. Before this majestic strength of nature, here so inconvenient to westward-marching man, and so unconquerable by him, even all the armies of the North would be as insignificant as an army of ants before Stonehenge; but the artist has not given us men in their force, but men in their decrepitude, the remnant of an ill-used and suffering people, seeking respite and safety in the wilderness. And yet it

is an interesting picture—in many respects the most interesting landscape of the year. To some spectators, as certainly to ourselves, these summits may be not the less sublime that nobody has yet lunched upon them, and these valleys not the less beautiful because no large hotels have as yet been built in them for the accommodation of tourists. We can well believe that in the very loneliness and remoteness of this magnificent scenery Mr. Bierstadt has found a kind of fascination. He was the first artist who ever witnessed these glories, and his picture is the announcement of a discovery. This merit, such as it is, the work shares with many sketches which travellers bring home with them, but in this instance novelty of material is combined with unusual care and skill in artistic arrangement. This picture is not a piece of mere copyism of nature, but a work of thoughtful and elaborate art. It is evidently not accurate in the topographic sense; the painter has freely used materials combined, it is probable, from many memoranda; this we know at once from the absence of all stiffness and awkwardness in the composition. But notwithstanding this full use of artistic liberty, we receive no doubt a more complete impression of the character of the scenery than any piece of simple topography, however conscientious, would have conveyed to us. It is late summer and evening, an hour before sunset; the slanting sunshine lights vividly a sweet natural pasture, with groups of magnificent trees; this pasture slopes gradually to the margin of an exquisitely beautiful little lake, bounded by rocky precipices to the right and in front of us. Over these pours a white waterfall, and, beyond the waterfall, the eye climbs range behind range of rocky eminences, till it finds itself in the region of glaciers, and on the heights of eternal snow. These Rocky Mountains, it appears, are not less magnificent than our European Alps, and Landor Peak, the central object in this picture, might fairly bear comparison with the Jungfrau or Monte Rosa. Mr. Bierstadt has been so anxious to preserve the large relations of his picture as a whole, that his mountain-drawing suffers a little by some want of detail and sharpness. There used to be a theory amongst our younger English painters that detail proved industry, and the absence of it sloth; but we know too well how easy it is to sacrifice days and weeks over the relations of a few tones where there is no detail whatever, to accuse Mr. Bierstadt of indolence. These Rocky Mountains are not minutely drawn, and, so far as form is concerned, there is even a lack of delicacy, but the extreme care with which the tones are everywhere studied deserves our warmest thanks, and we are the more bound to give expression to them that such care meets usually little other reward than the internal one of a satisfied artistic conscience. The same praise is due to the admirable gradations of light. Although the effect is a brilliant one, involving broad shadows on the foreground and middle distance, with strong contrasting lights, we suffer nevertheless from no sense of abruptness, and the luminous appearance of the whole picture is due far more to subtle passages of tenderly increasing brightness than to the force of its most striking points.

Another separate landscape exhibition is that of Mr. Andrew Macallum at the Dudley Gallery. About thirty oil-pictures, several of them of great size and importance, and half a dozen water-colour drawings, are exhibited together in a manner agreeable alike to the artist and the spectator, for they are all easily visible, and not so crowded as to be mutually injurious. With one line of pictures, and dark hangings to relieve them, Mr. Macallum sets an example which we should like to see followed in other exhibitions. Of the qualities of his art it is difficult to speak truly without some reserves and qualifications. He is a very skilful painter in his own way, but he has little other inspiration than a strong love for nature and keen perception of what he sees in the material world. He has little or no invention, and, though now and then in his strongest effects so vividly impressed by what he has seen as to become poetical, he is not a poet. Nobody ever drew the strength of a beech-tree or the lightness of a birch with more entire understanding of the nature of the tree, and the giants of the forest were never celebrated by a hand more faithful and laborious. There is a striking completeness and elaboration about such works as the large picture of the "Charlemagne Oak at Fontainebleau," which make us forget that, after all, it is scarcely a picture in the full meaning of the word, but rather a magnificent study. No better contrast could have been found in sylvan life than this between the massiveness of the mossy arms and trunk of the old giant, and the fragile grace of the very delicate birches near him. The realization is sometimes amazing, as for instance in a beech-root in the picture entitled "Summer," and in the trunks of the "Oaks of Birkland," or on rounded surfaces of rock, such as those in the "Gorge aux Loups, Fontainebleau." Where material magnitude is the character to be conveyed, the impression on the spectator is always greatly enhanced by size of canvass. Mr. Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" would not have been nearly so impressive in a cabinet picture, and Mr. Macallum has done wisely to give a vast canvass to his "Glade in Sherwood Forest." Still more perhaps even than Mr. Bierstadt, at least so far as what is visible in the picture is concerned, does Mr. Macallum rely on natural magnificence. It is true that we can scarcely hear of Sherwood Forest without thinking of Robin Hood, but, unlike a vulgar landscape-painter who paints trees with only a half-belief that they are glorious, and tries to make them interesting by putting red-breeched outlaws under them, Mr. Macallum neither gives us old outlaws nor modern sportsmen, nor any figure

whatsoever. "These noble trees," he says to us, "ought to be enough for you; men and women you can see in cities, but these glades of Sherwood are worth looking at for themselves."

Mr. Maccallum's singular power over the forms of tree-trunks will be already known to many of our readers, but they may be less prepared to recognise in him, what this exhibition proves him to be, a scarcely less remarkable painter of transient effects. His "After Sunset—Venice—Winter" is a splendid reminiscence of a very noble effect, and one far too transient to be painted from nature. The sky is full of difficult gradations from red to blue, through yellow and green, and there are some fragments of cloud of a dark blood-colour above the buildings. The water is rippled a little, but its surface retains its polish and reflects everything in a complicated way. Some artificial light is cleverly introduced under the campanile, but this does not interfere with the general gloom of the dark city against the sanguine sky. In the way of realization of an effect carefully observed in nature, and strongly impressed upon the memory, we know very few pictures comparable to this, and scarcely any superior to it; and we rejoice the more in the artist's triumph here, because an attempt of this kind, by its large demands on memory and knowledge, was far more arduous than his studies done from beginning to end from nature. Thus, without undervaluing the devoted industry evident in such works as "The Foot of the Gorner Glacier" at Zermatt, we see in them little beyond imitative care. The "Rome from the Ilex Groves of Monte Mario, Morning," is of the higher class, as involving memory of effect. Mr. Maccallum does not draw mountains so well as trees, though he understands the anatomy of a foreground rock or glacier; in distant mountain he fails to select the essential lines. We believe that this exhibition must leave on the whole a very favourable impression. The artist is undeniably a severe student of nature, and an accomplished workman. In some ways few English painters, and no foreign ones, observe so keenly; yet his artistic sense is feeble in comparison with his observation, and his work is always material and scientific, and, though sometimes suggestive of poetic emotion, is never in itself poetry, nor even, in the highest and strictest sense, art.

The best landscape at the Royal Academy, and probably even the best landscape painted in Europe during the last twelve months, is "A Spate in the Highlands," by Mr. P. Graham. It is a kind of scene with which we happen to be exceedingly familiar, and we willingly bear testimony to the extraordinary truth of the representation. A Highland torrent is rushing down a rainy glen, swollen already till the flood hides nearly all its rocks and has carried away half its bridge; a few Highland cattle and their drover being still in imminent peril on the trembling arch yet standing. The grasp of the whole scene is manly in the highest degree, and reveals artistic powers which are truly admirable. The rush of a brown torrent was never more grandly given, the forms of its tumultuous water rising into great domes over the hidden stones were never more faithfully observed, or more freely and vigorously drawn. The broken bank above the river with the reddish earth and pebbles in it and the grey rock under it, the dark Scotch firs against the silvery shroud of flying mist, the many-coloured cattle, the hue of the flooded land, the amber and topaz of the stained torrent, the rich green of the wet mosses on the rock, the masterly greys of the torn and stormy sky, the subdued splendour of the struggling sunbeam—all these things painted separately with such rare power, and, most of all, the mighty unity of the whole work, give Mr. Graham henceforth a high place in the very first rank of contemporary landscape-painters.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE manager of this establishment continues to display extraordinary activity. Within the last fortnight he has produced an Italian version of Mozart's German opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*—the first, if we are not mistaken, ever given in London; he has brought out Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, with a new singer in the part of Alice, reproduced Rossini's *Semiramide*, and revived the *Ernani* of Verdi, which had not been performed these five years. Other operas have been presented; but our attention must be exclusively devoted to these.

When Mozart gave his first German opera to the world—on the 12th of July, 1782—he had scarcely completed the first half of his twenty-seventh year. Beethoven was a boy of twelve; sixteen years were to elapse before Haydn produced his *Creation*, and ten before the birth of Rossini. Gluck had relinquished active life, and was spending the remainder of his days in honoured leisure at Vienna. The Emperor Joseph II., whom history has loved to represent as the *pater et princeps*, the *præsidium et dulce decus*, at once the Augustus and Mæcenæ of the arts, and especially of music—though in truth he could only appreciate and was only liberal to Italians—was the reigning potentate; and under his rule music flourished if musicians starved. Mozart had but just escaped the ignominious thralldom of the Erzbischof Sigismund Schrattenbach, to seek for what he obtained seven years later, a place at Court with modest appointments†, serving the Kaiser in the interval as

a cheap wonder-show, to be exhibited according to Imperial caprice, for the entertainment of such Imperial guests as might happen to care for music. That—as the late Alexander Oulibicheff, Mozart's Russian biographer and enthusiastic panegyrist, asserts—we owe *Die Entführung* to the strong determination of Joseph II. that Germany as well as Italy should possess an independent lyric drama, and to the steps he took in consequence, is most likely true. The *Letters**, however, by no means warrant the positive assertion of Oulibicheff, that it was the Emperor himself who submitted to Mozart the operetta by Bretzner, which Stephanie and the composer together worked up into the shape it ultimately assumed. In a letter from Mannheim (Jan. 10, 1778) we first read of Joseph's scheme for establishing a German Opera, and it was not till four years later that Mozart succeeded in gaining an interview with His Majesty. But without inquiring curiously into this matter, we may safely assume that to Joseph II. Germany and music are indebted more or less directly for the earliest German opera worthy the name.

"Meine Oper ist gestern wieder (und zwar auf Begehren des Gluck) gegeben worden" (writes Mozart to his father at Salzburg, Aug. 7, 1782). "Gluck hat mir viele Complimente darüber gemacht. Morgen speise ich bei ihm." The opera upon which the composer of *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, *Armide* and the *Iphigenies*, two years after quitting Paris for ever, and five after the production of his greatest work, thus complimented the man who had already equalled and in some respects surpassed him† was *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, produced in Vienna about a month before the letter was written from which the above passages are taken. Despite the Italian cabal which so insidiously and perseveringly intrigued against the far too promising young German, *Die Entführung* had obtained a genuine success with the public‡, and Gluck seems to have acquiesced in the public verdict. Whether the invitation to dinner may be accepted as a criterion of sincerity is hardly worth discussing, though it would be interesting to know much more than can be gathered from the *Letters* about the personal relations between the old king of lyric drama ("Der grosse Reformator der dramatischen Musik") and the rival destined to wear his crown before he had virtually abdicated. We should like, too, to be made acquainted with Mozart's own private opinion of Gluck's music, a point upon which the composer of *Don Giovanni* is vexatiously reticent. In a letter dated March 12, 1783, however, we hear of more praises, and another invitation to dinner. This was at a concert given by Madame Lange, the composer's sister-in-law, at which he played a concerto, Madame Lange sang an *aria*, and, adds Mozart, "Ich gab auch meine Sinfonie vom Concert Spirituel dazu§"—or, as Lady Wallace translates it, "I also played the symphony I wrote for the Concert Spirituel" (vol. ii. page 183). Gluck, it appears, who was in a box near the one occupied by Mozart's wife and the Langes, could not praise the symphony and *aria* enough||, and straightway invited the two couples to dine with him on the Sunday following. These manifestations of sympathy at least go far to prove that the two musicians were socially on pleasant terms with each other, and that the setting luminary was not in hostile antagonism to the rising one. It is a matter of surprise, indeed, to many that Gluck did not confide to Mozart, rather than to Salieri, the task of composing the grand opera called *Les Danaïdes*, which he had pledged himself to write for Paris, but which he abandoned at the last moment, as an undertaking beyond his powers. Perhaps some cynics may think that Mozart would have been too brilliant a deputy for the conqueror of Piccini; and perhaps they are not far wrong. It was easier to outshine Piccini than not to be eclipsed by Mozart. On the other hand, Salieri had taken lessons from Gluck, while Mozart had received lessons from no one of any account except his money-seeking father, who, by dragging him over the world in his childhood and showing him about from place to place as a phenomenon, in all likelihood planted those seeds in his constitution which at the end brought about his lamentably early death.

The published letters of Mozart contain nothing more interesting than the account he gives of how he set to work on, and how he advanced with, the composition of *Die Entführung*. The subject, which, after considerable difficulty, was selected for him by Stephanie, at that time "*Inspicient*," afterwards "*Régisseur*" of the German Opera in Vienna, pleased him exceedingly. The name of the little comedy with music by Bretzner upon which they founded the libretto was *Belmont und Konstanze, oder Die Verführung aus dem Serail*. Mozart was satisfied with it for several reasons. It gave him, in Belmont and Konstanze, a pair of lovers of the genuine sort—a cavalier, *amator amice mancipium* after his own heart, and a lady fit to put on the chains her *inamorato* is but too content to wear. Mozart generally treated love from the point of view of the tenderest sentiment. *Amore nihil mollius*—only half the apophthegm of St. Bernard—was his motto; he ignored the *nihil violentius*. And what songs he found for Belmont! There is nothing in music

* Mozart's *Briefe*, nach den Originalen herausgegeben. Von Ludwig Nohl.

† Idomeno had been given at Munich, in 1781.

‡ Mozart himself speaks about its seventeenth performance.

§ Symphony in D, written for and performed at the Concerts Spirituels, in Paris, in July, 1778.

|| "Er konnte die Sinfonie und die Arie nicht genug loben." Lady Wallace says, "he was vehement in his praise," &c. Why "vehement"?

* "Bei ihm ist nichts als Salieri"—writes Mozart, in his disappointment at not getting the Princess of Württemberg for a pupil (Dec. 15, 1781).

† It was not till after the death of Hofcapellmeister Gluck (Nov. 15, 1787), that Mozart was appointed chamber musician (*Kammermusikus*), at an annual salary of 800 *gulden*. And yet *Don Giovanni* had already been produced!

more expressively melodious than the air in which the amorous swain, all sighs, describes the passion that consumes him ("O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig!") Mozart himself, not given except under provocation to self-praise, speaks rapturously about this air in a letter to his father (September 26, 1781). It was designed expressly to show off to advantage the voice and style of the famous tenor, Adamberger, and, as the composer tells us, was the favourite with all who had heard it, as well as with himself.* Even the *bravura* songs for Constanze, which Mozart was compelled to write in order to flatter the self-esteem of a certain Madlle. Cavalieri (German in spite of her name), are full of the same tender grace; and it is a pity that the most beautiful of them, the recitative and air in G minor, "Traurigkeit ward mir zum Lese" (Act II.), should be precisely the one which is omitted in the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre. Then Blonde and Pedrillo afforded the fertile genius of our composer an opportunity of exhibiting itself in another light. The servants of Constanze and Belmont are, as a matter of course, in love; but how different is their love from the impassioned utterances of their betters! As Shakspeare could make each type of humanity speak, so could Mozart make each type of humanity sing after its kind. The airs assigned to Blonde, charming as they are—one of them indeed ("Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln"), perhaps, a thought high-flown for "my lady's lady"—would never have been given by Mozart to Constanze; still less would he have dreamed of allotting any of the music of Pedrillo to Belmont. He has treated them both lovingly, nevertheless. If Pedrillo had nothing else to sing than the deliciously quaint romance in the last act, "Im Mohrenland gefangen war ein Mäd' hübsch und fein," he would be precious to musicians. This has been called "the song in many keys," and not inappropriately. In each verse it touches upon no less than seven—B minor, D, A, C, G, F sharp minor, F sharp major, and again B minor, finishing, by an unexpected transition, in D—and all in the most natural way possible. But Pedrillo has also a share of that wonderfully comic duet, "Vivat Bacchus!" in the situation where he makes the watchful gardener drunk—the "Sinf-Duett"—"welches in Nichts als in meinem türkischen Zapfenstreich bezieht" ("which consists of nothing but my Turkish tattoo"), as it is described in the letter already cited, one of the longest and most interesting in the collection. Osmin was another cause of satisfaction to Mozart. Not only could he now contrast the two pairs of lovers with each other, but introduce a fresh element in his music opposed alike to either. That keen sense of humour the possession of which has been unjustly denied to him found the happiest expression in his musical treatment of Osmin. Of the songs composed for that functionary, the first (the well-known "Questi avventurieri infami"), where the irritable old servant works himself up into an ebullition of rage, and the last (the no less familiar, "O, wie will ich triumphiren"), where he exults in the discomfort and gloats on the anticipated punishment of the lovers, are of course the most important, both from a musical and dramatic point of view. Our favourite, nevertheless, is the ballad in three verses, with a different accompaniment to each verse ("Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden"—Act I.), which grows into a duet with Belmont, whose importunate questionings exasperate Osmin more and more, till he explodes in one of his constitutional fits. The turn of this melody is such that we wonder the omnivorous Mr. William Chappell should not have claimed it long ago, as genuine "old English," and put it in his book.

His favourite quintet of dramatic personages thus completed, the way in which, after endowing each with a strong individuality, Mozart blends them together in his concerted music, may easily be understood by those who are aware that he is the greatest master of combination whom the art has known. Though the texture of *Il Seraglio* is much less elaborately interwoven than that of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, it still displays the unequalled ingenuity of its author; and while the most salient characteristics of the opera are its wealth of melody, its dramatic *verve*, and its discrimination of character, it contains some concerted pieces—three duets (besides the notable "Zapfenstreich"), a trio, a quartet, and a *finale*—which are indelibly stamped with the genius of Mozart. A sixth personage—Selim, the good-natured Pasha, who, after a little show of wrath, pardons the violation of his harem's sanctity, and lets the lovers go, to the surprise and indignation of the jealous Osmin—does not help the composer much; but Selim is necessary to the dramatic action, and without him we should not have the spirited and wonderfully characteristic "*türkische Musik*"—the overture, "*ganz kurz*," but deliciously fresh, and the choruses of Janissaries, just as short and just as good. It was this union of various incentives to musical expression which directly took the fancy of Mozart, who, in a letter in which he tells his father, with boyish delight, that Stephanie has at last found a subject for his opera, says—"Das Buch ist ganz gut." Those who differ from the great musician will readily forgive him,

for never was want of judgment, if want of judgment must be laid to his charge, more gracefully redeemed.

The representation of *Il Seraglio* at Her Majesty's Theatre, judged from a musical point of view, is singularly good. Madlle. Tietjens, born and nurtured in such music, is possibly the best Constanze that could now be met with on any stage, abroad or at home—

De Paris à Delhi, du couchant à l'aurore.

Taxing to singers of ordinary gifts and acquirements as are the two great airs, they present no difficulties to this thoroughly well-trained artist, whose versatility, considering how nearly she approaches excellence in whatever she essays, is almost without example. Madlle. Tietjens very wisely transposes the first air a tone lower (from B flat to A flat), a liberty which Mozart himself, had he lived in these times of "high diapason," would on no account have denied her. Of the rest of her performance we can only say, as Boileau says of the *école* of Molière—

Tout en est beau, tout en est bon;

and if she would once in a way substitute for the showy and difficult *bravura* of the second act the impassioned air that precedes it (and which is now omitted), we should owe her a still larger debt of thanks. In Madlle. Sinico this model Constanze finds a most acceptable Blonde. Though not born and nurtured in such music, like her accomplished companion, it comes gracefully and readily to Mr. Mapleson's admirable *seconda donna*, and more than respectable "*prima donna assoluta*," when (as frequently happened at the beginning of the present season) her services for the higher office are called into request. Madlle. Sinico also transposes her most difficult air (from A to G), for reasons to which we need not further allude. The acting of this lady is remarkable for a natural liveliness that cannot be too much commended; and here she is well mated with Signor Stagno, a light tenor, who, if he would be more careful, might become invaluable in such characters as Pedrillo. Signor Stagno has a voice worth cultivating, but which wants cultivation. He has, too, a real aptitude for the stage. His best effort in *Il Seraglio* is the duet with Osmin, when Pedrillo plans the escape from Selim, by the time-honoured expedient of plying the watchful guardian with wine ("Vivat Bacchus!"). The quaint Moorish serenade ("In un castello d'Argona"), at the beginning of the third act, is entirely ruined by being sung exactly twice too fast; but Signor Stagno might profitably employ a leisure hour in reconsidering it, and endeavouring to get at the bottom of its musical significance. Dr. Gunz is a Teutonic Belmont, *pur sang*. His voice is by no means of agreeable quality, but, although his expression may be here and there overdrawn, he sings with artistic refinement. His best effect is in that most exquisite of love-songs ("Constanza! Constanza!"), which, according to Mozart's own testimony (*Letters*—Dec. 6, 1781), was composed—with the first air of Constanze, and the glorious trio for Osmin, Belmont and Pedrillo, at the end of the first act—in one day. Herr Rokitanski's Osmin wants little more than a dash of genuine humour to be perfect. He rattles through the airs, in which the irascible old steward vents his spleen, with wonderful spirit and fluency, and has an excellent notion of how the character should be dramatically embodied. Then his voice is one of the finest deep basses we have heard, although it has not that extraordinary range, high and low, which enabled Fischer, the famous bass for whom Mozart expressly wrote the music of this part*, to give the prodigious air, "Questi avventurieri" ("Solche hergelaufne Laffen"), in the original key. When the Archbishop of Salzburg (Graf Schrattenbach) said of this same Fischer that "*er singt zu tief für einen Bassisten*," Mozart might have responded, "and too high as well, which you will own when you hear my 'Solche hergelaufne Laffen.'" In transposing it Herr Rokitanski calculates not so much on exhibiting his lower notes as on saving his higher ones; and he acts with prudence. What little Selim has to do in a musical way is as well done by that useful artist, Signor Foli, as could be wished. The chorus, as usual, is good, and the Turkish choruses are given with infinite spirit. In the last *finale*, the opening theme of which is truly Orphean, the contrast made by the quick, short chorus ("Selim! viva lunghi giorni"), which brings it to an end, is as exhilarating as anything in dramatic music; and nothing can be more pointed and vigorous than the manner in which it is executed. Signor Arditi takes some of the movements much too fast, but in all other respects the performance of his orchestra in *Il Seraglio* is irreproachable. Of the "cuts" he has deemed it expedient to make in the score of Mozart—the omission of one of the airs belonging to Constanze, and (less defensible) of one of those assigned to Belmont, allowed for—we cannot approve. Very little time is saved by such curtailments; while in more instances than one, and especially in the case of the last *finale*, the design of the composer is frustrated to no purpose. About the "*mise en scène*" the less said the better. With such an artist as Mr. Telbin in the theatre, something might surely have been done for the revival of an opera by Mozart.

Robert le Diable brought forward another French singer, Mdlle. Lavigne, from the Paris Conservatoire, who, under the assumed title of "Celestina Arvini," created but an equivocal impression in the part of Alice. Signor Tascia, with a tenor voice of which a good deal might be made, is by no means an effective Robert; Herr Rokitanski being indisposed, Signor Foli played Bertram at a very short notice, and therefore must not be criticized; Signor

* We cannot refrain from giving an example here of the off-hand style in which the collection of Mozart's Letters, edited by Ludwig Nohl (Salzburg), has been translated into English. At the end of his description Mozart says—"Man sieht das Zittern, Wanken, man sieht wie sich die schwellige Brust hebt, welches durch ein Crescendo exprimirt ist; man hört das Lispeln und Seufzen, welches durch die ersten Violinen mit Sordinen und einer Flöte mit im Unisono ausgedrückt ist." This is rendered: "You hear the trembling, throbbing, swelling breast expressed by a crescendo; while the whispers and sighs are rendered by the first violins with *sordini*, and a flute in unison." Elsewhere "*die Violinen in Octaven*" is translated "*by octaves on the violins*."

* And for whom it was at one time his intention to recast the tenor part in *Idomeneo* as a bass.

Stagno does as much as can be expected for Raimbaut, with half his music omitted; and Madlle. Lima de Murska, as the Princess, makes amends, by the fervid passion she throws into "Robert toi que j'aime," for the irresolute tameness of her opening *cavatina* ("Idole de ma vie"). On the whole, this performance of *Robert le Diable* is not the best we have witnessed at Her Majesty's Theatre. That magnificent piece of elaborate prolixity, *Semiramide*—in which the music of Rossini gives life and splendour to one of the dullest of Voltaire's dull plays, made duller by the intermeddling of Signor Rossi, the Italian librettist—at least affords Madlle. Tietjens a grand opportunity of vocal and dramatic display and Madame Trebelli-Bettini a chance of showing that, in the execution of Rossini's florid music, she stands unrivalled since the retirement of Marietta Alboni, whom—*longo intervallo*—she in some respects resembles. The performance of *Semiramide* is in most essential particulars precisely what it was a short time since. In one instance, however, there is a marked improvement—M. Gassier's Assur being infinitely superior to the Assur of another French singer, M. Agnese, whose performance last year was anything but striking. Why *Ernani*—one of the feeblest as well as one of the earliest compositions of Signor Verdi, whose vivid mannerisms are here exhibited *ad nauseam*—should have been revived it is difficult to explain, unless by the hypothesis that Madlle. Tietjens, in emulation of Shakspeare's immortal Bottom, is desirous of asserting her ability to shine in every character of the lyric drama. Her Elvira is doubtless the best Elvira since Madlle. Sophie Cravelli left the stage; but neither that, nor Mr. Santley's admirable singing as Carlo V., nor the forcible impersonation of Don Silva by M. Gassier, nor Signor Tascia's more than creditable assumption of the hero-bandid, nor the excellence of the orchestra and super-excellence of the chorus, can possibly succeed in galvanizing a corpse; and to all intents and purposes *Ernani* is a corpse, which long since should have been buried out of sight and out of mind. M. Victor Hugo's play is good after its manner; but Signor Verdi's music, for the most part a series of climaxes, with nothing to control them—*equi sine franis*—is very little better than empty rant. We have here and there a melody (like "Ernani involami," and the appeal of Carlo V. to Elvira), here and there a strong dramatic point, here and there a striking orchestral effect; but almost all the rest is null. *Tannhäuser*, even *Lohengrin* itself, would have been preferable—or at any rate more exciting.

REVIEWS.

M. RENAN'S SECOND VOLUME.*

IN his recent volume, *Les Apôtres*, M. Renan has undertaken two tasks of very unequal difficulty. He accounts for the origin of the Christian belief and religion, and he writes the history of its first propagation. These are very different things, and to do one of them is by no means to do the other. M. Renan's historical sketch of the first steps of the Christian movement is, whatever we may think of its completeness and soundness, a survey of characters and facts, based on our ordinary experience of the ways in which men act and are influenced. Of course it opens questions and provokes dissent at every turn; but, after all, the history of a religion once introduced into the world is the history of the men who give it shape and preach it, who accept or oppose it. The spread and development of all religions have certain broad features in common, which admit of philosophical treatment simply as phenomena, and receive light from being compared with parallel examples of the same kind; and whether a man's historical estimate is right, and his picture accurate and true, depends on his knowledge of the facts, and his power to understand them and to make them understood. No one can dispute M. Renan's qualifications for being the historian of a religious movement. The study of religion as a phenomenon of human nature and activity has paramount attractions for him. His interest in it has furnished him with ample and varied materials for comparison and generalization. He is a scholar and a man of learning, quick and wide in his sympathies, and he commands attention by the singular charm of his graceful and lucid style. When, therefore, he undertakes to relate how, as a matter of fact, the Christian Church grew up amid the circumstances of its first appearance, he has simply to tell the story of the progress of a religious cause; and this is a comparatively light task for him. But he also lays before us what he appears to consider an adequate account of the origin of the Christian belief. The Christian belief, it must be remembered, means, not merely the belief that there was such a person as he has described in his former volume, but the belief that one who was crucified rose again from the dead, and lives for evermore above. It is in this belief that the Christian religion had its beginning; there is no connecting Christ and Christianity, except through the Resurrection. The origin, therefore, of the belief of the Resurrection, in the shape in which we have it, lies across M. Renan's path to account for; and neither the picture which he has drawn in his former volume, nor the history which he follows out in this, dispense him from the necessity of facing this essential and paramount element in the problem which he has to solve. He attempts to deal with this, the knot of the great question. But his attempt seems to us to

disclose a more extraordinary insensibility to the real demands of the case, and to what we cannot help calling the pitiable inadequacy of his own explanation, than we could have conceived possible in so keen and practised a mind.

The Resurrection, we repeat, bars the way in M. Renan's scheme for making an intelligible transition, from the life and character which he has sought to reproduce from the Gospels, to the first beginnings and preaching of Christianity. The Teacher, he says, is unique in wisdom, in goodness, in the height of his own moral stature, and the divine elevation of his aims. The religion is, with all abatements and imperfections, the only one known which could be the religion of humanity. After his portraiture of the Teacher, follows, naturally enough, as the result of that Teacher's influence and life, a religion of corresponding elevation and promise. The passage from a teaching such as M. Renan supposes to a religion such as he allows Christianity to be may be reasonably understood as a natural consequence of well-known causes, but for one thing—the interposition between the two of an alleged event which simply throws out all reasonings drawn from ordinary human experience. From the teaching and life of Socrates follow, naturally enough, schools of philosophy, and an impulse which has affected scientific thought ever since. From the preaching and life of Mahomet follows, equally naturally, the religion of Islam. In each case the result is seen to be directly and distinctly linked on to the influences which gave it birth, and nothing more than these influences is wanted, or makes any claim, to account for it. So M. Renan holds that all that is needed to account for Christianity is such a personality and such a career as he has described in his last volume. But the facts will not bend to this. Christianity hangs on to Christ not merely as to a Person who lived and taught and died, but as to a Person who rose again from death. That is of the very essence of its alleged derivation from Christ. It knows Christ only as Christ risen; the only reason of its own existence that it recognises is the Resurrection. The only claim the Apostles set forth for preaching to the world is that their master who was crucified was alive once more. Every one knows that this was the burden of all their words, the corner-stone of all their work. We may believe them or not. We may take Christianity or leave it. But we cannot derive Christianity from Christ, without meeting, as the bond which connects the two, the Resurrection. But for the Resurrection, M. Renan's scheme might be intelligible. A Teacher unequalled for singleness of aim and nobleness of purpose lives and dies, and leaves the memory and the heaven of his teaching to disciples, who by them, even though in an ill-understood shape, and with incomparably inferior qualities themselves, purify and elevate the religious ideas and feelings of mankind. If that were all, if there were nothing but the common halo of the miraculous which is apt to gather about great names, the interpretation might be said to be coherent. But a theory of Christianity cannot neglect the most prominent fact connected with its beginning. It is impossible to leave it out of the account, in judging both of the Founder and of those whom his influence moulded and inspired.

M. Renan has to account for the prominence given to the Resurrection in the earliest Christian teaching, without having recourse to the supposition of conscious imposture and a deliberate conspiracy to deceive; for such a supposition would not harmonize either with the portrait he has drawn of the master, or with his judgment of the seriousness and moral elevation of the men who, immeasurably inferior as they were to him, imbibed his spirit, and represented and transmitted to us his principles. And this is something much more than can be accounted for by the general disposition of the age to assume the supernatural and the miraculous. The way in which the Resurrection is circumstantially and unceasingly asserted, and made on every occasion and from the first the foundation of everything, is something very different from the vague legends which float about of kings or saints whom death has spared, or from a readiness to see the direct agency of heaven in health or disease. It is too precise, too matter of fact, too prosaic in the way in which it is told, to be resolved into ill-understood dreams and imaginations. The various recitals show little care to satisfy our curiosity, or to avoid the appearance of inconsistency in detail; but nothing can be more removed from vagueness and hesitation than their definite positive statements. It is with them that the writer on Christianity has to deal.

M. Renan's method is—of course not believing them, and yet not supposing conscious fraud—to treat them as the records of natural, unsought visions on the part of people who meant no harm, but believed what they wished to believe. They are the story of a great mistake, but a mistake proceeding simply, in the most natural way in the world, from excess of "idealism" and attachment. Unaffected by the circumstance that there never were narratives less ideal, and more straightforwardly real; that they seem purposely framed to be a contrast to professed accounts of visions, and to exclude the possibility of their being confounded with such accounts; and that the alleged numbers who saw, the alleged frequency and repetition and variation of the instances, and the alleged time over which the appearances extended, and after which they absolutely ceased, make the hypothesis of involuntary and undesigned illusions of regret and passion infinitely different from what it might be in the case of one or two persons, or for a transitory period of excitement and crisis—unaffected by such considerations, M. Renan proceeds to tell, in his own way, the story of what he supposes to have occurred, without, of course, admitting the smallest real founda-

* *Les Apôtres*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1866.

tion for what was so positively asserted, but with very little reproach or discredit to the ardent and undoubting assertors. He begins with a statement which is meant to save the character of the Teacher. "Jesus, though he spoke unceasingly of resurrection, of new life, had never said quite clearly that he should rise again in the flesh." He says this with the texts before him, for he quotes them and classifies them in a note. But this is his point of departure, laid down without qualification. Yet if there is anything which the existing records do say distinctly, it is that Jesus Christ said over and over again that he should rise again, and that he fixed the time within which he should rise. M. Renan is not bound to believe them. But he must take them as he finds them; and on this capital point either we know nothing at all, and have no evidence to go upon, or the evidence is simply inverted by M. Renan's assertion. There may, of course, be reasons for believing part of a man's evidence and disbelieving another; but there is nothing in this case but incompatibility with a theory to make this part of the evidence either more or less worthy of credit than any other part. What is certain is that it is in the last degree weak and uncritical to lay down, as the foundation and first pre-requisite of an historical view, a position which the records on which the view professes to be based emphatically and unambiguously contradict. Whatever we may think of it, the evidence undoubtedly is, if evidence there is at all, that Jesus Christ did say, though he could not get his disciples at the time to understand and believe him, that he should rise again on the third day. What M. Renan had to do, if he thought the contrary, was not to assume, but to prove, that in these repeated instances in which they report his announcements, the Evangelists mistook or misquoted the words of their master.

He accepts, however, their statement that no one at first hoped that the words would be made good; and he proceeds to account for the extraordinary belief which, in spite of this original incredulity, grew up, and changed the course of things and the face of the world. We admire and respect many things in M. Renan; but it seems to us that his treatment of this matter is simply the *no plus ultra* of the degradation of the greatest of issues by the application to it of sentiment unworthy of a silly novel. In the first place, he lays down on general grounds that, though the disciples had confessedly given up all hope, it yet was *natural* that they should expect to see their master alive again. "Mais l'enthousiasme et l'amour ne connaissent pas les situations sans issue." Do they not? Are death and separation such light things to triumph over that imagination finds it easy to cheat them? "Ils se jouent de l'impossible et, plutôt que d'abandonner l'espérance, ils font violence à toute réalité." Is this an account of the world of fact or the world of romance? The disciples did not hope; but, says M. Renan, vague words about the future had dropped from their master, and these were enough to build upon, and to suggest that they would soon see him back. In vain it is said that in fact they did not expect it. "Une telle croyance était d'ailleurs si naturelle, que la foi des disciples aurait suffi pour la créer de toutes pièces." Was it indeed—in spite of Enoch and Elias, cases of an entirely different kind—so natural to think that the ruined leader of a crushed cause, whose hopeless followers had seen the last of him amid the lowest miseries of torment and scorn, should burst the grave?

Il devait arriver [he proceeds] pour Jésus ce qui arrive pour tous les hommes qui ont captivé l'attention de leurs semblables. Le monde, habitué à leur attribuer des vertus surhumaines, ne peut admettre qu'ils aient subi la loi injuste, revoltante, inique du trépas commun. . . . Les héros ne meurent pas. La mort est chose si absurde quand elle frappe l'homme de génie ou l'homme d'un grand cœur, que le peuple ne croit pas à la possibilité d'une telle erreur de la nature.

The history of the world presents a large range of instances to test the singular assertion that death is so "absurd" that "the people" cannot believe that great and good men literally die. But would it be easy to match the strangeness of a philosopher and a man of genius gravely writing this down as a reason, not why, at the interval of centuries, a delusion should grow up, but why, on the very morrow of a crucifixion and burial, the disciples should have believed that all the dreadful work they had seen a day or two before was in very fact and reality reversed? We confess we do not know what human experience is if it countenances such a supposition as this.

From this antecedent probability he proceeds to the facts. "The Sabbath day which followed the burial was occupied with these thoughts. . . . Never was the rest of the Sabbath so fruitful." They all, the women especially, thought of him all day long in his bed of spices, watched over by angels; and the assurance grew that the wicked men who had killed him would not have their triumph, that he would not be left to decay, that he would be wafted on high to that Kingdom of the Father of which he had spoken. "Nous le verrons encore; nous entendrons sa voix charmante; c'est en vain qu'ils l'auront tué." And as, with the Jews, a future life implied a resurrection of the body, the shape which their hope took was settled. "Reconnaître que la mort pouvait être victorieuse de Jésus, de celui qui venait de supprimer son empire, c'était le comble de l'absurdité." It is, we suppose, irrelevant to remark that we find not the faintest trace of this sense of absurdity. The disciples, he says, had no choice between hopelessness and "an heroic affirmation"; and he makes the bold surmise that "un homme pénétrant aurait pu annoncer dès le samedi que Jésus revivrait." This may be history, or philosophy, or criticism; what it is not is the inference naturally arising from the only records we have of the time spoken of.

But the force of historical imagination dispenses with the necessity of extrinsic support. "La petite société chrétienne, ce jour-là, opéra le véritable miracle; elle ressuscita Jésus en son cœur par l'amour qu'elle lui porta. Elle décida que Jésus ne mourrait pas." The Christian Church has done many remarkable things; but it never did anything so strange, or which so showed its power, as when it took that resolution.

How was the decision, involuntary and unconscious, and guiltless of intentional deception, if we can conceive of such an attitude of mind, carried out? M. Renan might leave the matter in obscurity. But he sees his way, in spite of incoherent traditions and the contradictions which they present, to a "sufficient degree of probability." The belief in the Resurrection originated in an hallucination of the disordered fancy of Mary Magdalen, whose mind was thrown off its balance by her affection and sorrow; and, once suggested, the idea rapidly spread, and produced, through the Christian society, a series of corresponding visions, firmly believed to be real. But Mary Magdalen was the founder of it all:—

Elle eut, en ce moment solennel, un part d'action tout à fait hors ligne. C'est elle qu'il faut suivre pas à pas; car elle porta, ce jour-là, pendant une heure, tout le travail de la conscience chrétienne; son témoignage décida de la foi de l'avenir. . . . La vision légère s'écarta et lui dit: "Ne me touche pas." Peu à peu l'ombre disparaît. Mais le miracle de l'amour est accompli. Ce que Céphas n'a pu faire, Marie l'a fait; elle a su tirer la vie, la parole douce et pénétrante, du tombeau vide. Il ne s'agit plus de conclusions à déduire ni de conjectures à former. Marie a vu et entendu. La résurrection a son premier témoin immédiat.

He proceeds to criticize the accounts which ascribe the first vision to others; but in reality Mary Magdalen, he says, has done most, after the great Teacher, for the foundation of Christianity. "Queen and patroness of idealists," she was able to "impose upon all the sacred vision of her impassioned soul." All rests upon her first burst of enthusiasm, which gave the signal and kindled the faith of others. "Sa grande affirmation de femme, 'il est ressuscité,' a été la base de la foi de l'humanité":—

Paul ne parle pas de la vision de Marie et reporte tout l'honneur de la première apparition à Pierre. Mais cette expression est très-inexacte. Pierre ne vit que le caveau vide, le suaire et le linceul. Marie seule aima assez pour dépasser la nature et faire revivre le fantôme du maître exécuté. Dans ces sortes de crises merveilleuses, voir après les autres n'est rien; tout le mérite est de voir la première fois; car les autres modèlent ensuite leur vision sur le type reçu. C'est le propre des belles organisations de concevoir l'image promptement, avec justesse et par une sorte de sens intime du dessin. La gloire de la résurrection appartient donc à Marie de Magdala. Après Jésus, c'est Marie qui a fait le plus pour la fondation du Christianisme. L'ombre créée par les sens délicats de Madeleine plane encore sur le monde. Loin d'ici, raison impuissante! Ne va pas appliquer une froide analyse à ce chef-d'œuvre de l'idéalisme et de l'amour. Si la sagesse renonce à consoler cette pauvre race humaine, trahie par le sort, laisse la folie tenter l'aventure. Où est le sage qui a donné au monde autant de joie, que la possédée Marie de Magdala?

He proceeds to describe, on the same supposition, the other events of the day, which he accepts as having in a certain very important sense happened, though, of course, only in the sense which excludes their reality. No doubt, for a series of hallucinations, anything will do in the way of explanation. The scene of the evening was really believed to have taken place as described, though the mere product of chance noises and breaths of air on minds intently expectant; and we are bidden to remember "that in these decisive hours a current of wind, a creaking window, an accidental rustle settle the belief of nations for centuries." But at any rate it was a decisive hour:—

Tels furent les incidents de ce jour qui a fixé le sort de l'humanité. L'opinion que Jésus était ressuscité s'y fonde d'une manière irrévocable. La secte, qu'on avait cru éteindre en tuant le maître, fut dès lors assurée d'un immense avenir.

We are willing to admit that Christian writers have often spoken unreasonably and unsatisfactorily enough in their comments on this subject. But what Christian comment, hard, rigid, and narrow in its view of possibilities, ever equalled this in its baselessness and supreme absence of all that makes a view look like the truth? It puts the most extravagant strain on documents which, truly or falsely, but at any rate in the most consistent and uniform manner, assert something different. What they assert in every conceivable form, and with distinct detail, are facts; it is not criticism, but mere arbitrary license, to say that all these stand for visions. The issue of truth or falsehood is intelligible; the middle supposition of confusion and mistake in that which is the basis of everything, and is definitely and in such varied ways repeated, is trifling and incredible. We may disbelieve, if we please, St. Paul's enumeration of the appearances after the Resurrection; but to resolve it into a series of visions is to take refuge in the most unlikely of guesses. Then, when we take into view the whole of the case—not merely the life and teaching out of which everything grew, but the aim and character of the movement which ensued, and the consequences of it, long tested and still continuing, to the history and development of mankind—we find it hard to measure the estimate of probability which is satisfied with the supposition that the incidents of one day of folly and delusion irrevocably decided the belief of ages and the life and destiny of millions. Without the belief in the Resurrection there would have been no Christianity; if anything may be laid down as certain, this may. We should probably never have even heard of the great Teacher; he would not have been believed in, he would not have been preached to the world; the impulse to conversion would have been wanting; and all that was without parallel good and true and fruitful in his life would have perished, and have been lost in Judaea. And the belief in the Resurrection M. Renan thinks due

to an hour of over-excited fancy in a woman agonized by sorrow and affection. When we are presented with an hypothesis on the basis of intrinsic probability, we cannot but remember that the power of delusion and self-deception, though undoubtedly shown in very remarkable instances, must yet be in a certain proportion to what it originates and produces, and is controlled by the numerous antagonistic influences of the world. Crazy women have founded superstitions; but we cannot help thinking that it would be more difficult than M. Renan supposes for crazy women to found a world-wide religion for ages, branching forth into infinite forms, and tested by its application to all varieties of civilization, and to national and personal character. M. Renan points to La Salette. But the assumption would be a bold one that the La Salette people could have invented a religion for Christendom which would stand the wear of eighteen centuries, and satisfy such different minds. Pious frauds, as he says, may have built cathedrals. But you must take Christianity for what it has proved itself to be in its hard and unexampled trial. To start an order, a sect, an institution, even a local tradition or local set of miracles, on foundations already laid, is one thing; it is not the same to be the spring of the most serious and the deepest of moral movements for the improvement of the world, the most unpretending and the most careless of all outward form and show, the most severely searching and universal and lasting in its effects on mankind. To trace that back to the Teacher without the intervention of the belief in the Resurrection is manifestly impossible. We know what he is said to have taught; we know what has come of that teaching in the world at large; but if the link which connects the two be not a real one, it is vain to explain it by the dreams of affection. It was not a matter of a moment or an hour, but of days and weeks continually; not the assertion of one imaginative mourner or two, but of a numerous and variously constituted body of people. The story, if it was not true, was not delusion, but imposture. We certainly cannot be said to know much of what happens in the genesis of religions. But that between such a teacher and such teaching there should intervene such a gigantic falsehood, whether imposture or delusion, is unquestionably one of the hardest violations of probability conceivable, as well as one of the most desperate conclusions as regards the capacity of mankind for truth. Few thoughts can be less endurable than that the wisest and best of our race, men of the soberest and most serious tempers, and most candid and judicial minds, should have been the victims and dupes of the mad affection of a crazy Magdalen, of "ces touchantes démoniaques, ces pécheresses converties, ces vraies fondatrices du Christianisme." M. Renan shrinks from solving such a question by the hypothesis of conscious fraud. To solve it by sentiment is hardly more respectful either to the world or to truth.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the best part of M. Renan's new volume, his historical comment on the first period of Christianity. We do not pretend to go along with him in his general principles of judgment, or in many of his most important historical conclusions. But here he is, what he is not in the early chapters, on ground where his critical faculty comes fairly into play. He is, we think, continually paradoxical and reckless in his statements; and his book is more thickly strewn than almost any we know with half-truths, broad axioms which require much paring down to be of any use, but which are made by him to do duty for want of something stronger. But, from so keen and so deeply interested a writer, it is our own fault if we do not learn a good deal. And we may study in its full development that curious combination, of which M. Renan is the most conspicuous example, of profound veneration for Christianity and sympathy with its most characteristic aspects, with the scientific impulse to destroy in the public mind the belief in its truth.

IRISHMEN IN FOREIGN SERVICE.*

AN interesting work was published some years ago on *Foreign Troops in the service of France*. France, like all other European States, has never hesitated to enlist foreigners in her armies when it has suited her purpose to do so; and, until the Revolution of 1789, the relations of the French Government to its foreign regiments were simply those of employer to employed. The Scottish Archers, the Swiss Guard, the Irish Brigade fought for pay, decorations, and promotion, without reference to the political objects of the wars in which they took part. When Irish brigades were formed under the old French monarchy there was no promise, actual or implied, on the part of the French Government, to attempt the liberation of Ireland. Irish exiles in absolute want, and Irish adventurers in search of pocket-money and a career, entered the French service unconditionally, like the English officers of the disbanded Royalist troops who in the reign of Alexis Mikhailovitch entered the army of Russia. But, after the Revolution, the Irish who took service in France did so on the distinct understanding that the independence of Ireland was one of the objects for which the French were fighting; as the Poles, in forming their Legion, were led to believe that it was a cardinal point in the French policy to bring about the restoration of Poland.

Lieut.-Colonel Byrne, an officer in the French army, who originally served in the Irish Legion, has left some curious and instructive memoirs, in which the aspirations and designs of the Irish emigrants in France, and the ingenious manner in which

their French patrons turned them to account, are fully set forth. The book is more valuable from the fact that it is not addressed to English readers, and that the author was apparently unconscious to the last that, in writing it, he was exposing his own countrymen to ridicule. It appears that, as recently as 1840, a plan for invading Ireland was discussed in the office of the French Minister of War; and the old officers of the Irish Legion were as confident that Ireland would one day be liberated by France as the Fenians would seem to be at this moment that it will gain its independence through America.

The decree of the First Consul for the formation of an Irish Legion, to consist of several regiments of infantry, besides cavalry and artillery, was dated November 1803. The officers were to be all Irishmen or Irishmen's sons born in France, and were to receive the same pay as officers in the French regiments. One unfortunate clause, however, provided that no rank higher than that of captain should be given until the legion had actually landed and served in Ireland. In the meanwhile, the majors or *chefs de bataillon* were appointed provisionally, and on the understanding that they were to be confirmed in their grades on their return from the Irish expedition. As there were difficulties in the way of getting to Ireland to attack the English, the officers of the new legion, growing weary of inaction, took to fighting among themselves. Two of the captains got up a single combat on the occasion, if not precisely in honour, of the Emperor's coronation. They fought with pistols. "Both were wounded, but," says the author, as though some curious contradiction were involved, "Captain — died of his wounds the same night." Certainly a very hasty proceeding! Soon afterwards, a captain named O'Meally, having been called an ass by the adjutant for his awkwardness on parade, asked for an apology, and, receiving none, challenged the offender. Now O'Meally, we are told, "might not be as expert as other officers in the manoeuvres." On the other hand, "none could surpass him in his knowledge of the etiquette of duelling. . . . His native land of Connaught never produced a cooler, nor a braver, nor a more honourable antagonist than he was, and on the ground his amiable manners and daring courage were the wonder of the seconds, and furnished a theme of gay conversation." The meeting came off, not only with the full sanction, but in obedience to the express orders of Adjutant-General MacSheehy, who took a paternal interest in the affair, and himself appointed the seconds. O'Meally kept up his reputation as a duellist, and in conformity, no doubt, with the strict rules of etiquette, shot his man. Upon this MacSheehy turned round upon him, and, as if to punish him for his good firing, sentenced him to fifteen days' imprisonment. This extraordinary officer, and still more remarkable judge, had been appointed to the command of the Irish Legion in consideration of distinguished services in the French army. Contact, however, with his own countrymen does not seem to have improved him. After he had fixed the conditions of two duels between members of the corps, and had reported in strong terms against Commandant Blackwell, the officer immediately beneath him, the French War Office came to the conclusion that its plan of officering the legion exclusively with Irishmen was a failure. Both MacSheehy and Blackwell were sent to serve in French brigades, and the Irish Legion was placed "provisionally" (that is to say, until after the liberation of Ireland) under the command of a *chef de bataillon* from a French regiment of the line, named Peterzelli.

About the same time the legion was reinforced by eight Irish deserters who came over in a boat from Jersey. They said that all their countrymen in the British army were waiting to follow them, and "were very well behaved men for English soldiers." Nothing could be more charming than the society of Lesneven, in Brittany, where the Irish Legion had now its head-quarters. Here Captain Pat MacSheehy contrived to get into a nice little dispute with the Mayor's son, of which a duel was the consequence. It was a poor affair, for, though shots were exchanged, neither party was hit. Luckily, however, when all was at an end, the Mayor's son was heard to whisper that, though the Irishmen were ready enough with the pistol, they did not like fighting with swords. These words being repeated to a Lieutenant Osmond, he hastened to profit by the occasion. He called the young man out, and, instead of blowing out his brains in the Irish fashion, killed him in the style for which he had himself expressed a preference, by running him through the body. That same night the General, with unaccountable harshness, ordered the legion to quit Lesneven and its charming society, and proceed to Quimper. Whether the charming society testified any particular regret at its departure does not appear.

At Quimper, Peterzelli, the commander of the legion, whose time, sooner or later, was sure to come, got himself into a serious scrape with his Irish subordinates. News had been received of an English invasion, which the Irish officers, with more courage than logic, maintained it was their special duty to repel. It seemed to them, no doubt, that fate, which would not allow them to get at the English in Ireland, had now, by way of compensation, sent the English to them in France; and great was their indignation when they found that Peterzelli had marched at the head of a small detachment to attack the common enemy, without ordering a single Irish officer, to accompany him. Every Irish officer in the legion now resigned. But the resignations were not accepted, and it soon appeared that the commandant, in his great haste to surprise the invaders, had not called upon any Irish officers to accompany him, simply because no Irish officers hap-

* *Memoirs of Miles Byrne, Chef de Bataillon in the service of France, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Knight of St. Louis, &c. Paris and New York.*

pened to be within hearing. This explanation, oddly enough, was deemed satisfactory—above all when it was made known that the invading force had consisted of a midshipman and ten marines, who confined themselves to carrying off two Breton peasants, after obliging them to dress in their Sunday clothes. It was, in fact, an invasion in search of the picturesque. The peasants were made to sit all day as models to certain officers of artistic tastes, but in other respects were well treated, and at night were set free and sent on shore.

In 1806, after the battle of Jena, the Irish Legion was ordered to the Rhine, and at Mayence fifteen hundred Polish volunteers, who had just been liberated from forced service in the Prussian ranks, were drafted into it. Whether this strong infusion of the Polish element had any effect in steadying the legion, or whether, with all the levity of the Irish, the Poles were found to be lighter still, we are not told; but in either case this Polono-Irish brigade must have been a lively one. By some piece of bad luck an unhappy Prussian officer got appointed to it. One duel he was compelled to fight, and it was only by signing a paper pledging himself to quit the corps within six months that he escaped a few others. One Irish officer who had pushed against the Prussian captain at a review (where he seems to have taken up a wrong position) was, to the indignation of his comrades, tried by a Court-Martial. But fortunately the President was General Dufour, "who had been in the expedition to Ireland, and who felt for the persecuted Irish," and, when the prisoner's advocate was called upon for his defence, "the comparison between the Irish and the Prussians, and the devotion of the former to the French cause, was so forcibly stated, that it appeared a shame to have let the trial take place." The specific charge made by the aggrieved Prussian does not seem to have been inquired into at all, and the Irish officer was acquitted on the ground of the general superiority of Irishmen to Prussians.

The French, however, were not always so considerate to their Irish allies. Once, when the legion was about to march through Verdun, where its members had hoped to strike terror into the hearts of the English prisoners, they were ordered by the Governor to pass the night in a suburb, and to march through the town at daybreak, "before the English could have light to see and contemplate our green flag and its beautiful inscription, so obnoxious to them, 'The Independence of Ireland.'" Probably the Governor did not wish to expose the Irish to ridicule. Doubtless, too, he felt ashamed at the idea of the English seeing with their own eyes the very transparent device by which the services of the legion had been secured. The Irish, however, would announce their presence, and did so in a sufficiently ingenious manner—the band being ordered to play, as the legion marched through the town, the eminently national air of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." The familiar tune does not seem to have caused much dismay among the English, though they were naturally somewhat mystified at hearing it in the streets of Verdun. "We could see many windows opened," says Colonel Byrne, "and gentlemen in their shirts inquiring across the streets, in good English, what was meant by this music at such an early hour. 'Why, damn it, Burke, you ought to know that air!' was answered from one window."

There was plenty of good-humour among the officers of the legion, and when they were not quarrelling they seem to have amused themselves very pleasantly. Colonel Byrne gives a characteristic account of an entertainment got up at Malines by the officers of the legion in honour of a Miss Sally Masterson, the niece of Captain Masterson, and "the delight of all who knew her." On taking leave of Miss Sally, Captain Dowdall, one of her hosts, exclaimed, "May God forget us if we ever forget you"; after which "Captains Dowdall and Allen, with seven or eight ladies (of the Irish Legion), got up into the *char-à-banc* . . . and fearing that the gates of Antwerp might be shut before they could get there, drove off at a prodigiously rapid rate." So far from forgetting Miss Sally, the two officers (in spite of the seven or eight ladies "of the Irish Legion"), seem to have thought of nothing else. At all events, they neglected the horse, who bolted and smashed the *char-à-banc* to pieces. Some time afterwards, Captain Masterson's wife was seen on the high road carrying one of the wheels. Another lady bore off some other portion of the remains. The horse escaped into a field, vigorously pursued by Captains Allen and Dowdall. This, we are told, "concluded the *fêtes* got up for Miss Sally Masterson."

After the Irish Legion had been partially Polonized, we are introduced to an officer called "O'Vitzki," a name charmingly suggestive both of Poland and of Ireland, though how the owner came by it is more than we can make out. The half Celtic, half Slavonian O'Vitzki (as far as we can guess the breed) was, no doubt, equally ready to fight for Polish or for Irish independence. In the meanwhile Napoleon employed him and his comrades to crush the independence of Spain. Some curious things were said on this subject to Colonel (then Lieutenant) Byrne by a Spaniard, who could not understand the contradictory parts played by the Irish. Lieutenant Byrne, who was quite ready to admit the principle of political necessity when Ireland was not in question, explained to the Spaniard without hesitation, that "no matter who the chief of the French Government was, he became responsible to the nation to take the best means to secure the friendship of the neighbouring States and their perfect neutrality in time of war," and that "it never could be forgotten that after the Revolution of 1789, when hostilities began, Protestant Prussia and Catholic

Spain were the first Powers to attack and invade France." What, we wonder, would the doubly insurgent O'Vitzki have said if an Englishman or a Prussian had argued with him in this strain against the right of Irishmen or Poles to have a political will of their own? As for Lieutenant Byrne's Spaniard, it apparently did not occur to him to retort that the British Government was at least entitled to demand from its own lawful subjects the same attitude which the French Government, according to the Irish officer, was bound to require from its independent neighbours. "You are here in the Asturias," was his simple reply, "which the Moors could not conquer, and, with God's help, you shall fail also." The phrase, "With God's help, you shall fail also," is very Irish and slightly irreverent, as implying that assistance from heaven precludes the possibility of success. But the Spaniard, no doubt, expressed devoutly enough his hope that the French would in the end be turned out of Spain; and Miles Byrne, engaged though he was on the side of injustice and tyranny, admits nevertheless that he "could not help admiring the patriotism of this enthusiastic ecclesiastic."

Sometimes it appears to have struck Napoleon that his Irish troops might get tired of helping him to oppress Spain with a view to the liberation of Ireland. Then, to keep up their spirits, he would give them a new flag with "Independence of Ireland" inscribed upon it; and he employed them, whenever he had an opportunity, against English regiments. Great was the delight of a battalion of the Irish Legion on hearing that it was about to be ordered against Sir John Moore. Many of the officers had been opposed to this general in '98, in the counties of Wexford and Wicklow, and his presence in Spain reminded them forcibly of the struggle they had carried on against him in their own country. They hoped now to renew it on another soil, and under more favourable conditions; but Corunna had been fought, and the English army had embarked before the Irish Legion reached the coast. It must not be supposed, from this anxiety to attack him, that the Irish officers in Spain bore any malice to Sir John Moore. On the contrary, Colonel Byrne tells us expressly that "he acquired a far higher reputation for humanity than different other generals of the English," and that, "when Garret Byrne of Ballymanus, on General Moore's word of honour, surrendered on condition to be allowed to expatriate himself for ever, this contract was faithfully executed, though Byrne was one of the principal leaders and chiefs throughout the insurrection; whereas his younger brother William, against whom no charge could be made save that of using his influence to protect the English prisoners from bad treatment, was hanged at Wicklow, though he had a written protection from General Lake, given to him by order of Lord Cornwallis." It is not wonderful, but it is worth remarking, that brave generals do not like playing the part of executioners. Moore made terms with all the Irish leaders who were willing to surrender to him, and Abercrombie, when he found that the services required from him went beyond those of a soldier, resigned his command. The future heroes of Corunna and of the Egyptian campaign were, it seems, out of place in Ireland in 1798.

Quarrelling was not confined among the Irish in France to the officers of the legion. The recognised chiefs of the Irish emigration in Paris, Arthur O'Connor and Thomas Emmett—"they," says Colonel Byrne, "whom my countrymen at home looked upon as their most strenuous agents with the French Government, and as consulting with one another at every moment to see what was best to be done"—were not even on speaking terms. O'Connor and Emmett had been in prison together, and their quarrel dated from that period. Birds in their little nests agree; but Irishmen, even in the narrow limits of a prison, must still have their feuds. The origin of the dispute which separated O'Connor from Emmett was never made known to their friends; but, oddly enough, it was understood *not* to have been of a political character. It appears that "even Hugh Ware," who had been in prison with them, was unable to get them to shake hands; "yet," says Colonel Byrne, "Hugh Ware was a real peace-maker, and no officer I ever knew prevented more duels." General Augereau, who was to command the army of liberation in Ireland, and who had been desired by the French Government to "make Messrs. Emmett and O'Connor forget their differences for the good of their country," failed altogether in that undertaking; and we can readily believe that "this unfortunate misunderstanding between two of the principal Irish leaders produced, at this important moment, the worst effect, as it showed clearly to the French Government that already the Irish refugees could not agree among themselves abroad, and consequently that it might be still worse with them in their own country." Indeed, the French understood this perfectly well, though it did not prevent them from making a direct use of the Irish emigrants as soldiers, and an indirect use of Ireland as the weakest and most inflammable part of the British Empire. If Colonel Byrne had read the memoirs of Wolfe Tone he would have known that when Buonaparte was a member of the Directory he objected to a French invasion of Ireland, on the ground that "Ireland already created a powerful diversion," which he argued was all that could be expected. After the Union of 1800 he "feared the advantages placed within reach of the Irish might already have had the effect of reconciling them to British rule"—which shows how little Napoleon understood the Irish character. As the Irish would have it, however, that he was bent on rescuing them from the tyranny of England and on establishing them as a free nation, there seemed nothing left for him to do but to employ them in his wars against the freedom of other countries, and to

give them uniforms of emerald green and banners with "Independence of Ireland" inscribed upon them.

How long the illusions of exiles last, and, when they have become utterly baseless, how they still cling to them as to a superstition! In spite of Hoche's inability to reach Ireland at all; in spite of Humbert's surrender to the English without making any terms for the Irish insurgents under his command; in spite of the unavailing, unjust, and really ridiculous part which the Irish Legion was made to play in Napoleon's enterprise against the independence of Spain; in spite of the fact that all the Irish Legion got out of the Napoleonic wars was a banner or two inscribed with the words "Independence of Ireland"—the belief that France would some day or other land troops and raise a rebellion in Ireland, and not make peace with England until Ireland was free, seems to have been entertained by the Irish emigrants in the French service until quite recently. We have said that in 1840, when England and France were so near coming to blows about the Eastern question, the old officers of the Irish Legion held formal consultations to determine what their plan of operations should be, in the event of war being declared. The French Government was quite ready to encourage them in their absurd schemes, it being evidently to the interest of France, if she had to fight England, to foment troubles in Ireland, so as to get up what Napoleon called "a powerful diversion." Colonel Byrne, who was in Paris at the time, tells us that General Corbet had several audiences of the Minister of War, General Schneider, on the subject of the proposed Irish insurrection; and that the Minister was very anxious to know what reliance could be placed on the "then leader" of the Irish, if a French army were to land in Ireland. O'Connell's patriotism, however, was not destined to be tested in this manner; and when it became evident that there was to be no war with England, General Corbet spoke of going to the United States, "being sure," he said, "that from that country, one day or other, Ireland would receive assistance." He continued to hope that something would arise between the Governments of France and England which "might prove beneficial to his own country"; but if France positively refused to quarrel with England, the General did not mind, as a last chance, falling back on America. Had he lived until now, we must suppose that he would have figured as a leading member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his friends can scarcely be sorry that he was spared this humiliation.

MASTER AND SCHOLAR.*

IF excellent taste, smooth versification, and a placid state of feeling, were the only conditions of good poetry, Mr. Plumptre might pass for a good poet. All these requisites he seems to possess. But though most writers have held that a certain mental repose at the time of composition is the only mood from which the best verse can come, it is always admitted that it must have been preceded by a mood of stir and passion. Of anything of this sort there is barely a trace in Mr. Plumptre's pieces. He never offends us by an extravagance or a distasteful fantasy, but then he never delights us by one of those ascents into the higher air of poetry without which, on the whole, no verse is worth reading. Like a great many other accomplished persons, he has a considerable measure of sensibility, the product of an assiduous cultivation; only it is a sensibility without vigour or impulse, or underlying fire. The most sympathetic feeling for the beauty and cadence of verse, and the keenest interest in the higher motives and purer purposes of men, do not suffice to raise a man to the level of good poetic creation or production of any kind. We are not defending the pestilent notion that a poet is not, like every other sort of artist, all the better for having both as much every-day common sense and as much careful intellectual cultivation as possible. It is a sheer fallacy to talk, as a great many people do talk, about the stifling of poetic genius by literary culture. The mistake is not less of supposing that mere culture with a thin surface of poetic susceptibility can be kindled into fire when there is no flame to start with. If cultivation could make up for the lack of this original vigour, Mr. Plumptre would probably furnish an example of the process. As it is, his poems only illustrate the opposite. No amount of meditating or wishing or tending can either compensate for want of sap, or make a shrub shoot out into an umbrageous tree. We never feel, in poems like Mr. Plumptre's, that the poet is drawing out of an inexhaustible well of thought and feeling; but, on the contrary, we have the impression that each piece is the product of a laborious ant-like accumulation of little bits of imagery and detached ideas and fragments of unconnected emotion, carefully sought for and industriously put together. The reader has no sense of spontaneity or unconsciousness, no sense that what he reads is the unartificial outflow of a copious and inexhaustible stream. It would be wrong to say that under no circumstances does anybody find the least pleasure in verses of this stamp. There are many people who never ask for anything more in a poet than placidity and smoothness and soft decorous nothingness. They are soothed and encouraged, just as weakly devout young women are soothed and encouraged by the very emptiest of sermons. A sermon is a sermon, and verse is verse. It is your duty to be edified by the one and pleased by the other, without too critical inquiry into the matter. It is to be feared, however,

that Mr. Plumptre has a defect which will repel even this easily satisfied class. They like a poem to be moderately short, while Mr. Plumptre seems to think that, as a rule, no piece ought to be anything but long. If we except three or four sonnets, he requires ever so many pages to get even the smallest picture or idea satisfactorily set forth. It would be too preposterous to say that poems ought all to be short, but inability to condense is the most certain sign of an absence of true poetic energy, and Mr. Plumptre appears to suffer from this inability. The comparison, for example, of the course of human life to the course of a river from the hills to the sea, is familiar enough, yet Mr. Plumptre takes sixteen six-line stanzas to reproduce the idea in its oldest shapes. The first three stanzas are enough to illustrate the number of otiose lines and sprawling irrelevant points which swell the piece out:—

Down-trickling, soft and slow,
Where the green mosses grow,
The baby streamlet hardly wakes the hush
That broods o'er yonder height,
Where falls the calm, low light,
And moor and peak give back the crimson flush.

Then, as its waters swell,
O'er crag, and rock, and fell,
They pour in many a thread of silver sheen;
And now their clearer voice
Bids hill and vale rejoice,
And sweet, low echoes pierce the still serene.

Wider and wider still,
Half river and half rill,
The calmer current gladdens all the fields;
The banks are green and fair,
And many a flow'et bear,
And every breeze Æolian murmurs yields.

And, after all, there is nothing but the most ancient commonplace at the end of all this elaborate painting of what every reader of verse has seen done a hundred times:—

Ah! well if it shall go,
With clear and crystal flow,
Rejoicing, gladdening, blessing still and blest;
In childhood, youth, and age,
Through all its pilgrimage,
Still hastening to the Ocean of its Rest.

But ah! if it shall waste,
Its strength in reckless haste,
The wild stream dashing to the depths below;
Or see, in dull decay,
All brightness fade away,
In marsh and fen half stagnate foul and slow.

The piece which stands first in the collection, and from which Mr. Plumptre has given a name to the volume, the *Master and Scholar*, consists partly of long soliloquy and partly of long dialogue—Roger Bacon and a disciple being the two personages introduced. It is such a poem as a man might write who had been inflamed by the conception of Mr. Browning's *Paracelsus*. It need not be said that the rhythm is a great deal smoother, or that the images and ideas are a very great deal weaker. The vigour and audacity of *Paracelsus* are remote enough from Mr. Plumptre's rather mild Roger Bacon, but we are bound to say that nobody can possibly complain of the absence of intelligibility in the new *Paracelsus*—a fault which even wise men profess to find in Mr. Browning. Mr. Plumptre is as translucent as Dr. Watts. Perhaps one could have no better illustration of the difference between poetry and verse than may be had by comparing some of the best lines in Mr. Plumptre's poem with a passage in *Paracelsus* worked from a similar situation. Roger Bacon is supposed to be looking back through the past and anticipating the future—a process which he repents with a too wearisome iteration from time to time, talking rather too much as he might have done if he had lived in the nineteenth instead of the thirteenth century, and had been in the habit of going to hear Mr. Maurice preach:—

This worn-out pen
Has done good service. All my search for truth,
The search through this wide-spreading universe,
The wonders of the earth and of the deep,
The glories of yon star-decked firmament,
The search within through all the maze of life,
The thoughts that come and go, the subtle law
By which men pass from ignorance to doubt,
From doubt to truth, from truth in lower things
To truth in higher, onward, onward still,
Till knowledge ends in wonder, and the soul,
Sated yet craving, stops in weariness,
And then we kneel before the throne, and veil
Our faces, like the Cherubim who stand,
Their rainbow wings unwrapping face and feet,
And evermore cry "Holy is the Lord!"—
All this has reached its end, and what I know,
The treasure God has given me from His store,
Lies here within this casket. So my work,
This greater work than all my former toils,
Shall live throughout the ages. Now I fade,
My strength is dwindling, and my name despised,
Cast out as evil, and the night is dark,
And I have none like-minded. O'er my grave
But few will weep, and few will miss the face
Of him they slander. But a time will come,
When Truth shall shine in brightness from the clouds,
And the loud din of babbling crowds and choughs
Being hushed in silence, her almighty voice
Shall speak in clear low whispers, rising up
At last to trumpet loudness. Then my name
Shall not be all forgotten. Men will think
Of one who sowed the harvest they shall reap,
Who led the way through forests thick and dark,

* *Master and Scholar*, &c. &c. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. London: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

Their dank, foul branches shadowing all the land,
And cleared a path for those that followed him,
O'er crag and moss advancing, undismayed
By stormiest blasts or wild lights of the fen.

In all the very minor respects this is faultless enough. There is the proper number of feet in each line, the thought is just, and the imagery not incorrect. But it all lies quite on the surface, and it is redolent of a sort of tea-table goodness that is sadly wanting in poetic strength. The very tolerable lines about men passing from ignorance to doubt, from doubt to truth, and so on, are as one of the thousand Tennysonian echoes which now fill the poetic sphere. But let us compare the few lines from *Paracelsus* where the ardent seeker after knowledge is described as setting out in his pursuit:—

I seemed to long
At once to trample on, yet save mankind,
To make some unexampled sacrifice
In their behalf, to wring some wondrous good
From heaven or earth for them, to perish winning
Eternal weal in the act; as who should dare
Pluck out the angry thunder from its cloud,
That all its gathered flame discharged on him,
No storm might threaten summer's azure sleep:
Yet never to be mixed with men so much
As to have part even in my own work, share
In my own largess. Once the feat achieved
I would withdraw from their officious praise,
Would gently put aside their proffered thanks,
Like some knight traversing a wilderness,
Who on his way may chance to free a tribe
Of desert people from their dragon foe;
When all the swarthy race press round to kiss
His feet and choose him for their king, and yield
Their poor tents, pitched among the sand-hills, for
His realm; and he points smiling to his scarf
Hung with riveled gold, his burgenet
Gay set with twinkling stones—and to the East
Where these must be displayed!

Mr. Plumptre may complain that he makes no pretensions to occupy such a level as Mr. Browning's, and that therefore we have no business to drag him out into the strong sunshine of such a comparison. But if, as is commonly and rightly thought, third-rate savourless verse is good for nothing except to be cast out, these comparisons are the only means of showing how bad a thing third-rate verse really is. The quantity of poor verse in the world occupies, to no purpose whatever, time and attention which are not too abundant for extracting the enjoyment and profit of the true poetry that is already written. It is therefore important that people should be brought to see the difference between the power and sustained force of genuine poetry and the flaccidity of mere verse-writing. In the passage which has already been quoted from the *Master and Scholar*, let the reader observe the number of breaks in the middle of the line. For instance:—

Lies here within this casket. So my work,
Shall live throughout the ages. Now I fade,
And I have none like-minded. O'er my grave.
At last to trumpet loudness. Then my name
Shall not be all forgotten. Men will think.

There is no swing, and the writer seems never to feel the full swell of the verse bearing him on as waves of the sea bear up a strong swimmer. Such lines remind one of the timid hoppings of young birds. Occasionally, indeed, Mr. Plumptre gets into something which looks like a sustained flight, but this is nearly always when he has got a bit of fine commonplace, which in a manner buoys him up. It is the nature of commonplace of this kind to spin itself out without effort. For example, speaking of man:—

Alone, of all beneath the sky,
He lives, half brute, half deity;
In him the darkness blends with day,
The gold, thrice cleansed with mire and clay;
And so from morning unto eve,
The varied web of life we weave;
Hues of the rainbow, gleams of fire,
Joy, sorrow, hope, despair, desire;
And, as the shuttle to and fro
We ply, the strains of music flow,
And speak, now soft as fountain's fall,
Now mighty as the storm-cloud's call,
The life that stirs in infant's breath,
And, all paths traversed, ends in death.

This is no sustained flight of thought, but only a stringing together of words—a process which very often is made to do duty for the higher and more arduous work. There is a very fine spirit of gentleness and of sympathy with a liberal and exalted life throughout Mr. Plumptre's volume, but this is not enough to make poems worth reading without a more energetic ability.

BOSWORTH'S PARALLEL GOSPELS.*

IT was a good idea, both for the biblical and for the Teutonic scholar, to print in parallel columns four versions of the Gospels, exhibiting four varieties of English and kindred tongues, ranging from the fourth century to the sixteenth. That is to say, we have three versions in English, of the tenth, the fourteenth, and the six-

teenth centuries, and alongside of them we have the most venerable monument of Teutonic speech, the Gospels of Ulfilas. To an Englishman this last juxtaposition is specially agreeable, as the ambiguous word "German" sometimes makes people forget that Ulfilas is much more our bone and our flesh than he is the bone and the flesh of our High-Dutch kinsmen. The Gothic, in all the main operations of Grimm's Law, agrees with the English and not with the modern High-German. There is of course no special connection, even philologically, between the two, and there is no historical connection whatever. The fact is simply that, in the matter of permutations of letters, the Gothic is Low-Dutch and not High. It does also happen that a good many words appear in the Gothic version which are in common use in modern English, and which are not in common use in modern High-German. But this proves nothing, because, between two cognate languages, it is almost wholly a matter of chance in which of the two any particular word survives, and in which it drops out of use. The true test of kinship is in the forms of the words. It is a good exercise, which the advanced Teutonic scholar may despise, but which really profits rudimentary philologists, to take a few words of the Gothic, to cut off, so to speak, their heads and tails, and to see that the commonest words in the English tongue lurk in the middle of a mass of syllables which at first seems not a little formidable. Of course something like this may be done with the ponderous compounds of the modern High-German; a word running all across a page proves to be made up of four or five words closely cognate with the commonest words of our own speech. Still here the difference of form comes in; the English and German words will be closely cognate, but only cognate; the English and Gothic words are absolutely the same. Actually to learn the Gothic language, to master grammatically all its elaborate inflexions, is the work of the special and finished Teutonic scholar. But any one, who, though not pretending to any such title, still cares for the history of his own language, will find a real use in this sort of comparison, which Dr. Bosworth's parallel texts afford the means of making out with special ease.

But, putting the Gothic aside—and, through the fragmentary state in which Ulfilas has come down to us, we must put it aside throughout a large part of this volume—it is a great matter to have the three English versions side by side. Nothing is more likely to convince people that English is English than thus to see the different stages of the language applied side by side to the most familiar of all writings. The mind which has grasped the feeblest rudiments of philology at once recognises that the English of 995 and the English of 1526 are substantially the same tongue; it is a much farther effort to realize the substantial identity of Ulfilas' Gothic. With Tyndale's version of course no one has any difficulty, nor much with Wycliffe's, but the leap from Wycliffe back to 995, though certainly considerable, is hardly so great as the leap from 995 to the Gothic. Doubtless the Gothic and the Old-English are so far allied that both are inflected; while English, even in Wycliffe's time, retained only the faintest relics of inflexion. Still we feel instinctively that, of Dr. Bosworth's four columns, the last three bang together, while the first is something different. The difference in fact is that the last three exhibit our own language in three different stages, while the other is a different language, though a closely allied one. It is certainly to be regretted that there is no specimen of English in an intermediate state between the tenth century and the fourteenth, to show our old inflected speech in the very act, so to speak, of breaking down. But this defect was inherent in the plan. We have no version of the Scriptures of the intermediate period, and nothing but versions of the Scriptures could serve the purpose of showing the different words and forms of words by which the same thought was expressed in different stages of the language.

Dr. Bosworth's plan then is thoroughly good and useful; it is only in the preface that we are sometimes reminded that Dr. Bosworth belongs essentially to what has been called the "præ-scientific" æra. But, when a man has done real services like Dr. Bosworth, it would be ungracious to be hard upon him simply because he was born a good many years ago. But of one thing we must complain, which has nothing to do with philology. It is too bad when Dr. Bosworth, in his introductory remarks on Wycliffe's version, shows that he has no knowledge whatever of the labours of Dr. Shirley. He actually refers to Dr. Robert Vaughan as if he were the latest authority on the subject. Surely it is somewhat strange that Dr. Bosworth should not know that a brother Professor in his own University has altogether upset Dr. Vaughan. Yet we have here again the old confusion between the two John Wycliffes, the Master of Balliol and the Warden of Canterbury Hall, and we have the old talk about Wycliffe being Professor of Divinity. Now every one knows by this time that in Wycliffe's days there was no such thing as a Professor of Divinity or of anything else in the modern sense. Wycliffe was Professor of Divinity only in the sense in which every Doctor in that faculty is called to this day "Sacre Theologie Professor." One cannot help being amused at the way in which Dr. Bosworth, evidently speaking honestly and from experience, describes the feelings of Dr. Wycliffe when looking forward to and when actually invested with the honours of this imaginary Professorship:—

In 1372 Wycliffe was gratified by obtaining the chief desire of his heart, the election to the Professorship of Divinity. His whole life had been spent in preparing himself for the faithful discharge of the duties devolving on the Divinity Professor. Being elevated to a Professorship, which enabled him to diffuse with authority that light which had already beamed on his own

* *The Gothic and Anglo-Saxon Gospels in Parallel Columns with the Versions of Wycliffe and Tyndale.* Arranged, with Preface and Notes, by the Rev. Joseph Bosworth, D.D., &c. &c. Assisted by George Waring, Esq., M.A. London: J. R. Smith. 1865.

mind, he used great judgment in his lectures and in the theological discussions over which he presided. . . . His lectures and sermons were full of the Scriptures, forming short treatises on Divinity, worthy of the Oxford Professor.

No doubt, when a degree was not a matter of course, and when every Doctor or Master was expected to be really a teacher, an ordinary Doctor did not differ so much from a modern Professor as an ordinary Doctor does now. But Dr. Bosworth clearly looks on Wycliffe's Professorship as an elective office; he looks on Wycliffe then as standing to the study of Divinity in the same relation in which he himself stands to the study of Old-English now. So again, presently after, we get the story of Wycliffe's persecutions:—

But persecution was so severe and unrelenting, that he was compelled to descend from what had been his throne—his professorial chair, and to leave the University for ever.

The plain truth is, as we remember mentioning in a former article, that Wycliffe, holding at least two pieces of preferment out of the University, was ordered to leave the University and to go and discharge his proper duties at one of them. Persecution did not follow for several years, and never lighted upon Wycliffe himself. We do not wish to be hard upon Dr. Bosworth, especially in dealing with what is really a very useful work. But to give us all this old talk again, after the publication of *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*, is really too bad.

Of the four versions before us, that of Ulfilas was of course made direct from the original; the Old-English of 995, as Dr. Bosworth contends, was made not from the Vulgate but from the older Latin version, the *Vetus Italica*. Wycliffe's comes from the Vulgate; Tyndale's again from the Greek. As a rule Wycliffe's version is remarkably Teutonic, more so than Tyndale's. Wycliffe wrote at a time when English was fast becoming the one received speech of England, when it was just supplanting French as the speech of fashionable life, and when it therefore naturally drew in a large infusion of French, as we see in Chaucer. His general Teutonism is therefore remarkable; still he now and then uses Romance, where Tyndale uses Teutonic words. Thus Dr. Bosworth discourses at some length of Wycliffe's translating *ἀγάπη* by *charity*, while Tyndale renders it *love*. Wickliffe also constantly uses *sue* for *follow*, a word which has gone quite out of use in modern English, except in its legal sense as the equivalent of the Attic *διώκειν*.

Dr. Bosworth, in his preface, has something to tell us about our old friend the letter *Thorn*. It must have puzzled everybody who has thought about it, to find that, in modern English, we have the two distinct sounds of the *th* (as in *this thing*); that no Englishman ever confounds them; that even foreigners who cannot pronounce either still accurately distinguish the two, always saying *dis ting*, never *dis ding*; that we once had two letters, *ð* and *þ*, which every one would expect to find accurately distinguishing the two sounds; and yet to find that in existing manuscripts *ð* and *þ* are sometimes used quite indiscriminately, sometimes used merely like the Greek *σ* and *ς*, as initial and final forms. Dr. Bosworth, or rather his assistant Mr. Waring, boldly goes back, and corrects the manuscripts by the modern pronunciation. This is a daring thing to do, but we suspect that Mr. Waring is right in so doing. The modern pronunciation carefully distinguishes the two sounds; it distinguishes them on a fixed principle, and no one ever goes wrong between them. We therefore cannot doubt that the modern pronunciation accurately represents the ancient pronunciation. And it is hardly conceivable that, where we have two sounds carefully distinguished, and two letters expressing those sounds, the two letters should have been meant to be used indiscriminately. Yet it is hard to believe with Mr. Waring that the confusion is owing solely to "Norman scribes who could not distinguish between the hard and soft sound of *þ* and *ð*, and who therefore, in writing Anglo-Saxon, confounded them, using the one or the other without any apparent distinction." Surely the confusion is older than this. We have sometimes remarked that though no modern Englishman ever confounds the two sounds in pronunciation, yet modern Englishmen are often quite unaware that they are really using two sounds. We have known people who said quite accurately *ðis þing*, who yet maintained that *ðis* and *þing* began with the same sound. However, though it is a bold thing to correct one's manuscripts, yet one can have little doubt that Mr. Waring's principle is right, and that *ð* and *þ*, if they do not represent, yet ought to represent, the two English sounds which all continental nations, save Greeks and Spaniards, break down in attempting to utter. Mr. Waring gives his rules, the rules which all Englishmen instinctively follow, as follows:—

I. The hard, sharp or acute *þ* or *p*, is used in the beginning of all words, not nominal, as *þincan* to think, *þin thin*.

a. And at the end of radical and inflectional terminations, as *baþþa bath*, *cláþ cloth*, *sóþ sooth*, *þinþ thinketh*. Except *witþ with*, etc.

b. And sometimes when *th* is preceded or followed by a consonant, as *emþenþan* to think about; *þnes enness*; *þritig thirty*.

II. The soft, flat or grave *ð*, *d* or *ð* is used in the beginning of all pronouns and of all words derived from pronouns, as *ðæt that*; *ðe the*; *ðæslíc like this*, *ðanonne thence*, *ðærðær there*.

a. Also often between two vowels, as *baða bathis*, *baðian* to bathe, *cláðum* with clothes.

We will end with one passage near the beginning of the texts,

showing the different way in which names of officers get used. In Matt. ii. 6, the Old-English has—

And *dú*, Bethleem, Iudea land, wifðlice ne eart *ðú* last on Iuda ealdrum; of *ðe forþ-gæþ* se here-toga, se *ðe* reþ min folc Israel.

Wycliffe has—

And thou, Bethleem, the lond of Juda, thou art nat the leste in the prync of Juda; for of thee a duk shal gon out, that shal gouerne my peple of Yrael.

And Tyndale—

And thou, Bethleem, in the londe of Jury, shalt not be the leest as peyneyng to the princes of Juda! for out of the shal come a capitaine, whych shall govern my people Israel.

The Greek, we need not say, is *ἡγομένος*; the Latin *dux*. There is something charming about the "ealdrum" and the "heretoga." The Gothic here unfortunately fails us. But in St. Mark viii. 31, where in the Old-English we read "fram Ealdormannum, and heahsacerdum," the Gothic has "fram þaim sinistam, yah þaim aubumistam gudyam," Wycliffe has "eldere men," Tyndale alters it into "seniors." It should be remembered that the word *king* is unknown to Ulfilas; the Gothic is *þiudan*. The High Priests, in Mark xv. 11, become Bishops both in the Old-English and in Wycliffe. Pilate is (Matt. xxvii. 2) *kindina* in the Gothic, *dema* in the Old-English, *meire* in Wycliffe, and *debyte* (deputy) in Tyndale. The cross (Mark xv. 21), which in the two later versions is *cross*, is *rood* in the Old-English, and *galloes* in the Gothic. We almost wonder that Dr. Bosworth did not add a comparative glossary, which would have added greatly to the value of his book, but it is very acceptable as it is.

One singular peculiarity in the Old-English version is that the name of Jesus is throughout translated "se Hælend." The effect of this, especially when the word is put into the mouth of any of our Lord's enemies, is often very strange. The translators seem not to have recognised that it was simply a personal name, and a common name at the time. Yet, after all, the effect is not more strange than when, in our version of the Old Testament, the proper name of the Deity, Jehovah, is rendered Lord, which often has the most incongruous sound when it is put into the mouth of unbelievers—Pharaoh, for instance—whose words get thereby constantly misunderstood.

LIZZIE LORTON OF GREYRIGG.*

MRS. LINTON has already proved her capacity to delineate the ordinary features of country life with truth and delicacy of touch. So that when, in this work, she sets herself to describe the incidents which accompany or arise out of the arrival of a new and reforming rector in a neglected Northern parish, and the various sensations which that event awakens in the local society, she has chosen a subject which she can handle well. A picture of a Cumbrian parish in the days "before railroads, the penny post, mechanics' institutes, and other of the great social improvements of the age," has something of an historical interest. The authoress is careful to explain that the days of Christopher Laverack and Priest Armstrong have passed away, and that the ecclesiastical condition of Cumberland is now much the same as throughout the rest of England. We are glad to hear it. Still it is quite as well that an age which is apt to plume itself rather too freely on its great social improvements—by the way, we should hardly have coupled mechanics' institutes with railways and the penny post—should keep in memory the scandalous lethargy of comparatively recent times. The graphic sketch which Mrs. Linton gives of Lanthwaite parish under the predecessor of Ralph Wynter, for the literal truth of which she vouches, is not the least interesting part of the book. We have a rector who had been in youth a keen sportsman and noted bruiser, whose achievements in the noble art were not unknown to Carlisle Races and Wigton Fair, and who, as age advanced, fell back on the milder excitements of a pipe and a glass in the sanded parlour of the village inn, a constant attendant at the wakes, wedding-feasts, and even the "merry nights" of the neighbourhood. We have a church which let in the smell of the vaults from below, and the rain and the wind from above, where in winter it was part of the show to see the parson brush the snow from the altar-cushion before he began the Communion service; and a dependent chapelry served by a dissolute old savage who rarely went to bed sober, and held no higher social rank than the rough charcoal-burners of the place, who got "boosey" on the sacramental wine, while his daughter set the example of entire freedom from the restraints of morality. Such were the antecedents or characteristics of the cure which was undertaken by an active young Oxonian enthusiastic for Church discipline, and burning to restore the spirit and manners of the middle ages. Mrs. Linton depicts the strength and the weakness of such a character with impartiality, and a good deal of quiet humour. Burning zeal, singleness of aim, and tenacity of purpose are qualities which belong to the noblest clerical type, and are none the less real because contrasted with the petty objects and Utopian views to the furtherance of which they may be devoted. It was Ralph Wynter's resolve to bring his parish, God helping, into a state of mediæval piety and simplicity, and to live according to the early examples of the Church. Of course he establishes a Sunday school, and restores

* *Lizzie Lorton of Gregrigg*. By Mrs. Lynn Linton. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

his chancel, and starts a choir, and gets some pretty young ladies to join the rectory practising and act as lay-deaconesses. Of course, too, there is a serpent in this clerical Arcadia in the person of an obstructive churchwarden, who thwarts his plans and objects to a rate for repairing the church, but for all that is a worthy specimen of the old-fashioned "statesman" of the North. All this is very probable and lifelike. What is less consonant to actual experience is the indifference with which the two only representatives of the young-lady class in Langthwaite regarded a young, eligible, and Tractarian rector. Cumberland, we know, is the home of wrestlers and athletes; so that, in representing muscle as carrying the day with the fair sex in those parts, perhaps Mrs. Linton is a correct interpreter of the tender predilections of her native county. Young ecclesiastics with long brown hair, smooth-shaven chins, and that resolute mouth which is usually so irresistible, who can neither swim, ride, shoot, nor row, are evidently at a discount in Cumbrian valleys, albeit they may be sound musicians, good mathematicians, admirable classics, and brimfull of moral courage into the bargain. No one, indeed, who did not believe in the theory of loving by contraries would suppose that so gusty and morbid a being as the heroine of this novel could see anything to admire in a clear-voiced young rector, with his clerical costume, smooth tranquil face, and notions of duty.

Lizzie Lorton was a girl who, with no maternal instincts latent or developed (as a child she had broken and misused her dolls), had grown up in a home made unhappy by incessant bickerings with her stepmother and her stepmother's children, nursing a daily grievance, with no companions to love, no pursuits to care for, no interests, no pleasures. Dissatisfied with her narrow sphere, hating the dull bondage of her home, where she was made to act as nurse and governess, she panted to escape, and had more than once thought of committing suicide. There was a certain savageness in her beauty, a supple grace and hidden strength that reminded one of a panther or a leopardess. She looked the stuff of which a heroine or a criminal might be made—certainly not the stuff of which a rector's wife is usually made. With this stormy young lady, however, Ralph Wynter falls in love, and, his society proving soothing, and a common interest in church music having been awakened, there seemed a prospect, perhaps rather distant, that the young people might arrive at a mutual understanding, when an accident wholly dissipated it. While indulging in a lake-side flirtation, the rector, who was naturally very clumsy in a boat, managed to tumble overboard, and would infallibly have been drowned if he had not been rescued by a stranger. This proves to be Ainslie Forbes, the superintendent of some neighbouring mines. In person he presents a complete contrast to the man whose life he had saved. Tall, powerful, bronzed, and black-bearded, he dwarfed Ralph Wynter to the dimensions of a boy, and made him look weaker and less masculine than many a girl, not so much by mere superiority of size as by the superiority of power which his whole bearing expressed. By the side of this well-developed specimen of manhood the soft but morally-courageous rector cuts a sorry figure. His hopes with regard to Lizzie are doomed to prompt extinction. The one thing which that young lady worshipped was strength, and Forbes had "the strength of a man of another race and climate," by which we hope our authoress does not intend any reflection on the thews and sinews of her fellow-countrymen. The visits to the rectory chamber organ are exchanged for rambles on the hillside with the handsome clerk of the works at Ilaverbrack mines, who, though not averse to a flirtation with a pretty girl, felt proper scruples on the ground of his own social inferiority, and was otherwise hardly able to keep pace with the fierce advances of the worshipper of strength. While she loved him unasked, out of the terrible depth of her own nature and with the tragic strength of untaught passion, the feeling on his part was far less ardent. His vanity was gratified by her devotion, and his admiration excited by her rare beauty; but he knew well enough, when he came to question himself honestly, that he could not marry her, and did not love her. But this honest self-interrogation did not prevent him from kissing her at the bottom of mines, and declaring his love at the tops of mountains. We must frankly say that, in spite of his great strength, Ainslie Forbes appears to us a very poor creature. If Mrs. Linton had wished to discredit muscle, she could not have hit on a better expedient than to exhibit it in combination with moral cowardice of the most despicable kind. His weakness in encouraging Lizzie's passion, his inconsistency in refusing to marry her on the ground of the difference in their position while he immediately afterwards marries another much richer, and his heartlessness in making love to her rival in the very presence of the woman he had deserted, are features in his character too repulsive for any amount of physical endowments to redeem.

By way of contrast to her heroine, our authoress assigns almost equal prominence in her story to a girl of a different kind. Margaret Elcombe belongs to the type of young lady who plays so important a part in semi-religious novels. She is one of those plain girls with large honest grey eyes whom lady-novelists are so fond of exalting at the expense of more undeniably pretty ones. Possessed of a firm will, and a highly-developed sense of duty, which, to her aunt's disgust, takes the unpleasant form of dragging her from an elegant villa near London to the wilds of Cumberland, she is always managing something or somebody in a quiet way. One naturally assumes

that she will at once fall in love with the æsthetic young rector, and we must own to a feeling of disappointment that the prescriptive claim of the clergy to the affections of philanthropic young ladies of their flock is in this instance disregarded. But, unlike Lizzie Lorton in all but her sentimentalism, Margaret resembles her in preferring a strong but not very polished man to one who united high moral and intellectual culture to a somewhat slender physique. So, although they held the same views on Christian obligations and human rights, and the manner of life imperative on the true professors of the faith, and were equally in earnest about Church matters, the rector and his fair parishioner were as little in love with each other "as if they had been two young men, or the brother and sister by blood they felt to be by liking." Far different was Margaret's feeling towards the irresistible superintendent of mines, whom she begins by snubbing and lecturing on his vanity and flirting ways, but ends by proposing to marry while a charge of murder is hanging over his head. In her way, Margaret is quite as impulsive as her unhappy rival, as is shown not only by this romantic resolution to cast in her lot with a possible felon, but by an offer to pay three thousand pounds to save an old farmer from ruin. What strikes us as less intelligible is how a young lady of such high principle should have drifted into so unguarded an intimacy with a young man of whose love passages with another girl she was all along aware.

Some of the best bits of character in this book are to be found in the background. The central figures strike one as somewhat thin and conventional, though they are depicted with much cleverness and force of language. They have rather the air of being imported into their surroundings for the purpose of carrying on the story, and enabling the authoress to exhibit a series of interesting scenes. Some of the minor characters display more power both of satire and of pathos. Mrs. Grantham and her "kind of a nephew," whose designs on the Langthwaite heiress she secretly favours, are amusing sketches, and contrast well with the simple country folk into whose society they are suddenly pitchforked. The lady, with her professions of piety and her real worldliness, her strict decorum and concealed unscrupulousness, her sub-acid sweetness and hollow fine-ladyism, is a type of the sort of woman who, seen from the outside, passes muster with a great many people as a charming person. Her pale grey eyes, subdued colours, and Madonna-braided hair almost suggest a photograph. But Mrs. Linton is now and then a little too photographic, as when she tells us that the knuckles of one of this lady's hands were large and the last two fingers crooked, and that Corrie Lester was always settling his throat inside his collar. *De minimis non curat lector*. It does not make a portrait at all the more vivid to tincture it with a peculiarity—a vicious habit of which Mr. Dickens has set the example, and in which he finds many imitators. In Jobby Douthwaite we have a good picture of the honest, obstinate, old Cumbrian "statesman," passionately attached to his land and prejudices, and dead against all modern improvements. In such episodes as the supper at Dale Head and the annual sheep-shearing, and the breaking of the Douthwaite "Luck," the authoress displays her familiarity with the customs and ideas of her native county. The interest of her story is greatly enhanced by the fidelity with which the local colour is preserved. In one respect, perhaps, the anxiety to realize the life which she describes carries her too far. There is rather too much of the Cumbrian dialect in these volumes to please the general reader. It is, of course, no slight merit in a novelist to make tradespeople and farmers and peasants express themselves in their vernacular, instead of the diluted high polite which they are too often made to talk. Mrs. Linton shows a complete mastery of Cumbrian patois. Her Northern farmer talks as idiomatically as Mr. Tennyson's. But no one reads a novel dictionary in hand, and few with any great interest in the science of language. A page studded with provincial phraseology, a chapter with a heading like one in this book—"The Shem and Bizen abroad"—runs great risk of being skipped. Probably nine readers out of ten, if they had the courage to confess it, would agree that the Waverley Novels had too much Scotch in them.

A COURSE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

MR. HANNAY is evidently a lover of literature in a sense which is rapidly going out of fashion. He no doubt believes more or less in the old-fashioned doctrine about style, that there is a certain classical standard of writing to which everybody should try to conform, and to which all good writers do conform. He has a very poor opinion of modern English literature compared with the books which rank among English classics. "Our histories are rather long review articles than works of art." "Though we have some exquisite poetry, we have not so much of it, nor does the world feel so vivid an interest as it did fifty years ago." "In philosophy we have critical compilations rather than single and solitary edifices of thought." The poetic drama has disappeared. So has the old English essay. It would be absurd to pretend that such works as *Paradise Lost*, the *Fairy Queen*, the *Decline and Fall*, the *Wealth of Nations*, are "rising among us, any more than new pyramids in the sands of Egypt." Of course so much of the question depends entirely on differences of individual taste as to be scarcely worth discussing, or at all events

* *A Course of English Literature*. By James Hannay. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1856.

to be incapable of being discussed in a very narrow compass. But it seems not a little preposterous to talk about our histories being rather long review articles than works of art, when we remember Mr. Grote, Mr. Merivale, the Bishop of St. David's, and Macaulay. The truth is that history has only just begun to be understood, and, with the possible exception of Gibbon, not one of those writers whom Mr. Hannay so much admires and recommends—men like Hume and, much more wonderful, Mackintosh—has done any portion of his work exhaustively, or, if we use the term in any high or reasonable sense, even artistically. We have to reconstruct the very foundations in every part of the great historic field, and if the results of this kind of industry are less stately and pleasing than those old works in which majestic sentences did duty for facts and the true interpretation of facts, still the new is better. And it is the more surprising that Mr. Hannay should indulge in what we cannot help calling this rather stupid glorification of such people as the historians of two or three generations ago, because his advice to the historical student is as admirably wise as such advice could be. Nothing could be more timely than his complaint that "the evil of reading about past times instead of the past times is seen every day in conversation, where you will find people holding forth 'views' who have very second-hand notions of the facts on which they are formed." "There is nothing for it to correct this but the study of events in their original sources, which even done on a slight scale is more instructive than the study of many a pretentious history." At the same time, Mr. Hannay is quite awake to the utility of complete modern histories when employed concurrently with original sources. They enable the student to get a general view of the surroundings of the period which he is studying minutely; and they present him with the opinions of those who have investigated the subject most recently, and therefore with the best and most numerous appliances that could be brought to it. "Trust implicitly," says Mr. Hannay, "to no historian, but read for yourself; read for knowledge, and let your opinions grow."

This is excellently said, so far as the study of history goes. But Mr. Hannay seems to imply that past history is unquestionably the subject about which it is most important to have opinions. History he proposes as the backbone of his course, because every other subject must connect itself with history. And if you use history in so wide a sense as to take in the annals, not only of political movement, but of all forms of mental activity—poetry, science, philosophy—then one may very well agree with him. The name would then cover all those classes of facts which enter into the progress of the human race to its present position. But this is not the sense in which it is commonly understood. It is not the sense in which Mr. Hannay himself recommends the study of history. "History," he says, "is the most comprehensive branch of literature, for every quality which any other great writer can have will be of use to the historian." Philosophy, for instance. "What will the narrator of great public events be without philosophy, or the power of dealing with causes and discerning law where others see only confusion?" Then, again, there is poetry. "No poetical genius can find nobler employment than in delineating the great scenes with which history has to deal. And if it be the chief quality for which we honour the writer of fiction that he can create character, how could that quality be better shown than in creating portraits, equally interesting, of persons that are real, and whose characters have affected the fortunes of mankind." According to the first clause of this queer paragraph, Milton had no nobler subject in the Fall of Man than Addison had in Marlborough's victories. Warton called the *Campaign* a "Gazette in Rhyme," and, if Mr. Hannay's dictum be true, no poetical genius can employ himself more nobly than in the composition of such rhymed gazettes. According to the second clause, the Cambridge scholars are not justified in laughing at their Professor of History when he recommends his pupils to study the Saxon period in Sir Edward Lytton's novel of *Harold, the Last of the Saxons*. For here is a writer creating portraits of persons that are real, and whose characters have affected the fortunes of mankind. We are quite sure, however, that Mr. Hannay has much too scholarly a mind to agree with the Professor. His anxiety to elevate his favourite study to the supreme seat has made him overshoot the mark; and when he says that history "is the thread, so to speak, on which all the pearls of literature hang," it has made him say something very like nonsense. It is quite true that every great historian must both be something of a philosopher and possess a spark of the poetic fire besides. He must have the philosophic power of generalizing, and the poetic power of insight and sympathy and keen feeling. But poetry is no more a pearl on the thread of history than history is a pearl on the thread of poetry, and not nearly so much as history is a pearl on the thread of philosophy. For Mr. Hannay does not mean by history the growth of ideas—the only process which could fairly be made to comprehend poetry, philosophy, and that narrower and thinner chronicle of facts which so often exclusively usurps the name of history. The only principle on which any rational co-ordination of subjects can be planned is that the student is interested in getting from his studies as wide and accurate a knowledge of ideas as he can, and, in the second place, as large a stock of good mental habits which may stand him in good stead in forming judgments on the varieties of human circumstance in which he is placed. Mr. Hannay—sticking to the old-fashioned notion that literature is

something grander and more sacred than a mere repository of ideas, scientific, political, ethical, poetic, and the like—can find no better basis, starting-point, or foundation for his student's knowledge than history, which, instead of a single branch, he thus makes into the great trunk of the tree, of which all other subjects are mere offshoots and ornaments. We have dwelt at length on Mr. Hannay's view, because it indicates the rising and important division between the old belief about letters, that they are a pleasant adornment, softening the manners, and not permitting them to be fierce, and the newer view, that the aim of education is not a knowledge of books merely or of facts merely, but essentially and foremost a knowledge of the progress of thought. Mr. Hannay is by no means in darkness as to this, or else he would scarcely have spoken of "the philosophy of history and society" as "that great study of the future." Still, if he had grasped this conception as thoroughly as a writer on his subject ought to have done, he could scarcely have thought it worth while to compose a course of literature without saying a word about science. The grown-up people of our generation may be content as they are, but it is impossible that their next descendants should fail to see that scientific matters lie at the bottom of culture. A knowledge of literature only, as men used to know it and know it now without caring to know anything about science, will soon cease to be possible. Mr. Hannay says very truly that among the Queen Anne writers "even a man of genius was hardly considered to rank as a man of letters if he was not a scholar." It is not less true that in the future a man of letters, even if he be a scholar, will be required to have also some acquaintance at least with the methods of science. We may yet admit that the author is quite right in saying that "literature is perpetually refreshed by writers going back over the ages next them, and drawing inspiration from a still older time"—always provided that there is no false idolatry of old writers simply because they are old. As an illustration of this misplaced reverence we may quote Mr. Hannay's odd assertion that Lord Clarendon is "a beautiful writer." Clarendon has many rare merits, but "beauty" of writing is scarcely one of them. We do not think Mr. Hannay would have found Lord Clarendon other than a writer of very prolix involved prose, if he had not been a Cavalier, and lived two centuries ago.

It is difficult to suppose that a book like the present can be useful in the way in which the author professes to design that it should be useful. Anybody with industry enough to carry him through Mr. Hannay's course would be pretty sure to have originality enough to chalk out a course of his own before he had done a month's reading. One could not but think rather meanly of a student who trod nicely in the footsteps which somebody else had been at the pains to mark out for him, in an undertaking which had no specific professional object. There are subjects in which systematic culture is plainly necessary, but general literature is not one of them. Mr. Hannay, in fact, begs his student not to cling too narrowly to the thin straight lines of matters in which he finds himself taking an interest. "Don't be in a hurry," he enjoins, "but push steadily on in the direction where you feel your curiosity awakened; we are not such lovers even of the order of time as to check you for lingering where you feel a special zest, that being the state of mind into which knowledge sinks deepest and most permanently." And here is the chief use of a book like this. It gives a young student a little start. It encourages him to set off in the right direction. After that he may be safely trusted to follow any bent which may develop itself. And besides this, it does something to familiarize his mind with the very important idea that there is such a thing as a conspectus or general view of all the branches of letters—that they are all the common produce of the same set of causes. "No one narrative of the period, say from 1600 to 1700, would give such an insight into its character as a kind of simultaneous examination of several of its products. That would show you that Charles's conduct, and the objectionable parts of Dryden, and the influence of Hobbes, and the neglect of *Paradise Lost*, and the comedies of Etherege and Wycherley, were all parts of one great phase in the life of England." Hence "we would not limit the student to one subject at a time, and yet we would have him take care that there was always a connection between the subjects in his own mind." There are a good many other sensible things in Mr. Hannay's book, only there is a too visible appearance of haste in the order in which the sensible things come, and in the writer's general theory of the function and worth of literature. And although the prose is, as a whole, very solid and good, it is now and then disfigured with incongruous flippancies. It is extremely unworthy to wind up an account of Macaulay, and of his lack of attractive moral qualities behind all his cleverness, by the forced saying, "People don't buy stinking fish for the sake of their shining." Applied to such a man as Macaulay this is wonderfully silly, and perhaps something worse than silly. And what could Mr. Hannay have been dreaming of when he wrote of Sterne, half sceptical, half tender and sentimental, that "he is Voltaire and Rousseau to a certain degree in one"? To a very certain degree indeed! Mr. Hannay's Course does not profess to include any knowledge of French literature, but he ought to have known at least enough of it to keep him from talking of the two most important men in the history of the eighteenth century as each making half of Sterne.

ALL IN THE DARK.*

TO the harassed reader vainly casting about for pleasant food of the three-volume order, but forced to feed mainly on dry husks and dreary chaff, the advent of a book bright, natural, and cheery is a real boon; and the opening chapters bring him into a state of mind highly conducive to a general flow of Christian philanthropy, and eminently favourable to the author. Even supposing that, as he advances, the promise of the beginning is not fulfilled, and that the interest gradually dies away until nothing is left but flowerless sticks and fleshless bones, still, even then, the first gradual falling-off is accepted with wonderful charity and with a yet more wonderful belief in better things to come. A running commentary of imaginary supplements and lively interpretations fills up the vacuum and maintains the credit of the author, and, if things are going rather ill, it is cheerfully believed that they will soon go very well, and that bad times will mend. First impressions are strong, and a story powerfully begun and tamely ended does to some readers convey the notion of force throughout; the vigour of the commencement spreading itself over the weakness of the finale, and making the whole seem vigorous alike. Happily, however, for the best interests of art, these accommodating readers, willing to do half the author's work unrewarded, are rare. The more exacting and less imaginative public for the most part demands that a good beginning shall have a corresponding ending, and that the tone of a work of art shall be, at the least, harmonious and uniform; fustian and velvet being a bad mixture of material, and the *coda* of a *rondo* turning off into the *motif* of a jig being questionable harmony.

Now the great fault of *All in the Dark* is that it is unequal. It begins well and it ends ill; it promises, and does not perform; it excites, and does not gratify expectation. The opening chapters are clever, genial, and quite lifelike; but as the story goes on, it gets inconceivably wearisome and stupid, and one loses the echo of the original strain in the confused chords that follow the overture. Fine situations are spoilt by careless handling; first-rate characters are ruined by clumsy drawing. There is a look of haste and fatigue and artistic indifference about the book absolutely fatal to good work of any kind; and one cannot but feel that it is just so much "copy" thrown off in much the same spirit as that in which the famous prayer-wheel throws off its prayers—words ground out in all proper grammatical form and construction, but animated by no human soul and instinct with no human passion. It is grievous to see good material thus wasted, for the want, not so much of power to make the best use of it, as of diligence to work out its capabilities. If the author of *All in the Dark* would give himself more time, we can hardly doubt that he would do really well, for he does not want for ability; but even a heaven-born genius cannot produce anything worth having in the haste and carelessness in which this book has evidently been written. That this is a general fault with modern authors pleads in no wise for the pardon of Mr. Le Fanu. We should not follow the multitude to do evil, whether in morals or in literature; and because Smith forces his young thoughts, and presents them to the public vapid and tasteless as hothouse peas, that is no reason why Brown should shear his immature crop on the principle of money quickly turned, and striking while the publishing iron is hot. The well-known Horatian maxim still holds good in the present day, substituting months for years; but our fast young authors and authoresses, in deadly terror lest they should be forgotten or distanced, turn out their three volumes with a jaunty celerity positively appalling to those of the older school whose period of incubation was spread over a year's length at least, and who thought they had done wonders when they left to posterity a dozen works written, corrected, revised, and retouched in twice a dozen years.

In this new tale Mr. Le Fanu has brought into play the unsatisfactory subject of spiritualism; and he has, moreover, introduced a somnambulist effect inferior in richness of humour, if somewhat akin in meagreness of design, to the famous spectre of Tappington. These are subjects which are in themselves hurtful to the interest of a book. Unless treated with grave philosophic earnestness or with weird solemnity, they should be touched with the lightest, merriest, best-tempered byplay possible to the hand of author or draughtsman; any mixture of gravity with ridicule spoils the whole thing, and a Radcliffian supernaturalism is dangerous in unskilful hands. But certainly no treatment by which a farce shall be made ghastly, or a melodrama ludicrous, can be successful or satisfactory. Besides, what good end does it serve to introduce either subject in a work of fiction? Spirit-rapping can never be made pictorial, unless treated as a ghost story, with thrilling effects and ghastly adjuncts; and somnambulism, to be valuable, should include the immediate probability of personal danger. Merely to say that a weak-minded but respectable middle-aged lady sat at a table with her maid and the family doctor, and that the table wobbled or leapt according to the formula of those dreary *stances*, is to say what every one knows something about, at first hand or second; and to say it as Mr. Le Fanu has said it, without real humour yet without belief, can be pleasant to no one, since the sceptics get no fun, and the believers no confirmation, out of an incident of this kind tamely narrated and coldly ridiculed. Then

can anything be more weak and jejune than William Maubray's dreams and sleep-walking? A rather hysterical young gentleman grasping his own hand in a dream, and frightening himself and his companions out of their senses because he rambles about at night draped in the conventional sheet—the chains omitted—can this be called fiction of a manly or worthy kind? Is this dreary foolishness the kind of thing with which we are expected to be amused, if not instructed? Authors have odd ideas of the public palate; but the oddest of all is their belief in its entire want of discrimination, and in the omnivorous nature of the public digestion.

The backbone of *All in the Dark* is a very slender one, and the collateral growths are neither many nor intricate. Young William Maubray is the nephew of a certain good old Aunt Perfect, a middle-aged lady much devoted to spirit-rapping, with whom lives pretty Violet Darkwell, to whose name the title is meant to bear the relation of a gentle pun. Violet and William love each other of course; of course, also, both are ignorant of that interesting fact, and in their ignorance contrive to plague and vex each other incessantly. There is a chance of something more intelligible and straightforward arising by means of Mr. Vane Tudor, a rich fop who loves Violet, against his will, and who eventually proposes to her, against the dictates of such small amount of common sense as he possesses; but this is an issue long delayed, and more tantalizing than interesting. Aunt Perfect desires to send her nephew William into the Church, and on his refusing to take orders, the old lady loses her temper, forbids him her presence, and so they part in anger, to the distress of every one concerned, though to the submission of neither of the belligerents. By the advice of a *nominis umbra*, one Dr. Sprague, William Maubray accepts, during his disgrace, the situation of tutor in the family of the Kinton Knoxes, where he is made bear-leader to one of the most unpleasant young gentlemen ever depicted in fiction. Here the story gets weak, confused, wild, and tiresome. The character of the small boy Howard is simply revolting, roughly done and lamentably overdrawn even in its own bad style. Mrs. Kinton Knox and Clara both want life-likeness, though they too are painted with a coarseness which Mr. Le Fanu confounds with vigour; and the notion of making young Maubray conceal his name while tutor, in order to introduce a confusion between himself and a rich cousin, is a threadbare expedient quite unworthy of a practised writer like Mr. Le Fanu. We have heard enough of Belgravian mothers to be perfectly well aware that certain mammas do wish to see their daughters married. It is odd perhaps that they should have so much knowledge of the laws of nature, and so much instinctive wisdom, as to believe that young women were meant for wives and mothers, and that young men were sent into the world to marry them. But not even Belgravian mothers of a bad sort come near Mr. Le Fanu's Mrs. Kinton Knox, who, for coarseness and unpleasantness, may bear away the palm from the whole tribe of matchmaking mothers from Dan to Beersheba. And yet she is not a living woman. She is simply a very rudely daubed and ugly outline of a woman, with a smear of flesh colour for a face, and two black beads stuck in for eyes. Indeed the whole episode of the Kinton Knoxes is a mistake, and ought to be cut out bodily without reserve.

After a little further misunderstanding, and a great deal more weak pseudo-spiritualism, the feud between Maubray and Aunt Perfect is healed; Vane Tudor is dismissed; the silly old lady dies; and the silly young gentleman at last finds his courage and his tongue, and ventures to ask for the love of Violet Darkwell, all the world having known from the very beginning of the book that it has already been bestowed unasked. Violet is a nice girl enough; a little too undemonstrative perhaps for perfect efficiency, but she is natural and lively without being vulgar, and womanly without being weak. She has in her the material of a delightful heroine; and if Mr. Le Fanu would have only given himself more trouble, and taken more time over his work, he might have produced a charming study and a bewitching portrait. So with William Maubray, whom a more careful elaboration and more vigorous treatment might have shaped into a very fair presentment of young manhood. But then he must not be frightened at ghosts, nor start when the furniture cracks, nor pay a superstitious heed to the threats of a half-witted old woman who promises to "haunt and plague him as a mocking spirit," to "watch him as an old grey cat watches a mouse," and to "pick out his eyes" with other amenities, should he marry before the five years of celibacy prescribed by her familiar, Henbane. That such ravings could influence any sane young man just leaving college passes all the license of fiction; yet William Maubray is made to be really influenced by these absurd words, and to be as much relieved when the interdict is removed as would have been a mediæval lay brother when the ban of excommunication was taken off.

All this is just so much carelessness and hurry, and savours of the suicidal haste characteristic of second and third-rate writers who will not stop to mature their thoughts. It is a pity that Mr. Le Fanu has adopted this worse than unsatisfactory manner of work. He might do good things if he would; but neither he nor any one else can afford to reap unripe harvests, and if people will build their temples of unbaked clay they cannot expect them to stand for longer than the very briefest summer hour.

* *All in the Dark*. By Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, Author of the "House by the Churchyard," "Guy Deverell," "Uncle Silas," &c. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

CAST AWAY ON THE AUCKLAND ISLES.*

UNINHABITED islands are rapidly attaining a degree of rarity which will soon class them among the positive luxuries. When we say uninhabited islands, we must be understood to refer to such insular positions as a gentleman and an admirer of Robinson Crusoe would care to visit—places having a fairly genial climate, tolerably supplied with game, abounding in “roots” and fruits, and in fact more or less approaching the great and illustrious type of Juan Fernandez; and islands of this sort are really becoming distressingly scarce. Uninhabited continents will in nowise suffice to replace them, and therefore the millions of acres which still remain to us in Central Africa will never do as a substitute. Continents are vague, vast, flat, and unprofitable. They cause the shipwrecked mariner to fail in one of the requisites of the classic drama—unity of place. Once on them he wanders “up the country,” and forsakes the friendly “cove” in which, on an island, he would, as a matter of course, have found shelter in the first instance. Hopes of escape, again, may arise on continents from sources quite illegitimate for the occasion—hopes which should never come except from a ship distressed for water, opportunely putting in at the right moment. No man who has ever been a boy, and read *Robinson Crusoe*, would hesitate for a moment which to prefer. Further, the island must not be too large; which is another difficulty, and tends to limit the supply. The castaway should have time to explore the greater part of it, or at least sail round it in his cutter, or “pinnace,” which has been saved from the wreck; otherwise we do not feel he has done his duty. And all this he can do only with an island of moderate dimensions. Time was when the last thing which we might have expected to run short of was uninhabited islands. Poets and romancers formerly could always with verisimilitude throw their hero and heroine into each other’s arms on their hospitable desert shores. Now they are as rare as commons in the neighbourhood of London, and may possibly in a few years require strict preservation and careful supervision to prevent them from disappearing altogether.

It is with feelings, therefore, not untinged with gratitude that we welcome Captain Musgrave and his story of his adventures. His plain sailor-like narrative, written with simplicity, and, under the circumstances, with a perseverance which was quite heroic, is attractive and instructive in no ordinary degree. It fully gratifies the *suave mari magno* sentiment which is no doubt at the bottom of much of the interest taken in such accounts. Captain Musgrave, with four others, who constituted the crew of a small schooner called the *Grafton*, passed twenty months on the bleak uninhabited Aucklands, entirely dependent during the whole time on their own energy and skill for their existence in the first instance, and their escape in the sequel. They started on a sealing expedition from Sydney in the autumn of 1863, and Captain Musgrave does not disguise the fact that the hope of finding gold, and of thus securing to himself the first rich remunerating attack on some new “diggings,” was not entirely absent from his mind. They had hardly made the Aucklands before they were hopelessly and irretrievably wrecked. Carnley Harbour, or Sarah’s Bosom as Captain Musgrave calls it, judging from the sketch map which is prefixed to the volume, ought not only to be spacious but a secure harbour. In its upper portion it is completely landlocked, and the *Grafton* was brought to an anchor twelve miles from the entrance. However, she parted one cable, and dragged the other anchor home, on the second night after her arrival, and went on the rocks in a moment. “In a quarter of an hour she was full up to the top of the cabin table, and the sea was breaking heavily over her.” In the morning Captain Musgrave and his men saved themselves, and then prepared in serious earnest to make the best of their forlorn position. Within a week they had begun and partly finished the frame of the house which they at once resolved to build. It was 24 feet long by 16 wide. But the wooden framework was a short and simple business compared with the thatching, which yet was indispensable on account of the incredibly boisterous and rainy climate. This part of the undertaking occupied them fully two months, and was accomplished by means of long wild grass, 5,000 bundles of which, each weighing a pound, were put upon the sides and ends of the house. In the meantime they had fed abundantly and even daintily on young seals’ flesh, which “is exactly like lamb.” Wild fowl must also have been plentiful, seeing that Captain Musgrave in two hours and a half on one occasion shot about “150 lbs. weight of widgeons.” Neither was a skilful cook wanting to make the best of these agreeable viands. Mr. Raynal, the mate, was a Frenchman, and appears to have been a regular Masterman Ready. It need hardly be added that he was a clean and savoury cook. “He frequently gave us four courses at a meal. One would be stewed or roasted seal, fried liver, fish, and mussels.” On the other hand, these luxurious repasts were the more relished for the excitement and variety of the sport which preceded them, and which indeed supplied them with their chief *pièce de résistance*—namely, seals’ flesh. Seals were found in almost incredible numbers; “both the shores and the water were literally swarming with them. They go roaring about the woods like wild cattle; indeed we expect that they will come and storm the tent some night.” And this contingency appeared to be so imminent that Captain Musgrave had “to put a bullet in one of their tails,” which effectually frightened

them. The seals, however, soon grew less familiar, and then the sport of hunting them began. They generally were to be found basking in the sun, in “mobs” of thirty and forty each, for the most part fast asleep. Captain Musgrave shall describe what generally followed:—

I had only two men with me, so we took our clubs and each of us took a mob, and I suppose that in ten seconds we had knocked down ten calves from two to three months old, and one two-year old seal. We had to go right in amongst them, and although they woke up, we were so quick about the job that they stared at us in confusion for a moment and then by a simultaneous movement rushed towards the water. We could have got more, but one of the men was at this moment attacked by the only remaining one, which was a tremendous large bull—the largest tiger seal I have seen, and he fought like a tiger. We immediately rushed to the rescue; the poor fellow was obliged to take to a tree till we came up, when all three set on the seal, and he showed fight bravely. It was as long as ten minutes before we proved ourselves conquerors. We should have been quite willing to have got out of his way, but he would not give us a chance.

The whole account of the seals is indeed exceedingly curious and remarkably interesting. Aquatic and amphibious as seals are in mature years, it appears that, when young, they have a positive horror of cold water. The mother, or cow seal, has to undertake a long and elaborate process of tuition to coax and teach her young calf how to swim before the dormant hereditary powers are developed:—

When they first go into the water the old cow carries them on her back, or rather carries it, for I have never seen any of them with more than one calf, and they have a great job to get them down to the water at first, I have known a cow to be three days in getting a calf half a mile, to get it into the water.

Their activity and speed on land are very remarkable considering their formation. In a bushy country they are quite a match for a man as regards pace. Their pugnacity is extreme; “they fight as ferociously as dogs, and do not make the least noise, and with their large tusks they tear each other almost to pieces.” And further on, Captain Musgrave gives a “striking instance of the savage manner in which these animals fight.” A seal was found in a place where it had no doubt gone to die:—

One of its fore flappers was entirely torn away from its body; the other one was cut or broken off by the lower joint. The lower jaw was broken, and the flesh torn away from underneath, and with a strip of skin two inches wide torn off all the way down the belly, and another strip was torn off its back from the top of the head to its tail, which was left quite bare to the bone.

But before long the voyagers found that the seals could be put to other uses besides those of sport and food. Of their skins they made clothes and shoes and bed-coverings, the oil they used in cooking and for light, and the blood served for ink, and with this substitute a goodly portion of Captain Musgrave’s log was written. So far so well. They had saved themselves from perilous shipwreck, and had succeeded in securing a fairly comfortable existence afterwards. The strong hope that their friends in Sydney would at an early period send to look for them, when the time for their return had passed, buoyed them up bravely for the first eight months. They caught and tamed parrots; they, or rather Captain Musgrave, established a Bible-class, and found both moral and literary benefit from these lectures. At one time hopes were entertained that something might be done with the stranded schooner, and a “precious miserable job” they had of it, working up to their middle in water, and with the thermometer from 2° to 5° below freezing point. However, she proved past remedy, and they had to fall back on their expectation of extraneous succour. In the meanwhile they saw with utter dismay their main source of food gradually forsaking them. As the weather got colder the seals kept more and more in the water, which was warmer than the air, and rarely landed except after dark for sleep. But a seal killed in the water sinks almost at once, and can rarely be secured. Captain Musgrave says they sink like a stone. This is not true of the seals which are to be met with on the coast of Holland at any rate, which, however, may differ from those which he had to deal with. Their hunting became, therefore, less and less profitable, and more and more laborious. The wildfowl also grew scarcer; and Captain Musgrave and his comrades grew to be glad at getting a meal of mussels, and often went to bed hungry. Still hopes of rescue, which they augured could not be delayed much beyond October, kept them in tolerable spirits. An elevated position was chosen for a look-out station, and many anxious hours and days were spent in fruitless watching for a friendly sail. In vain. They had to face the dreary prospect of a second season in the Aucklands. It was in this extremity that their mettle and resource were fully put to the test. First of all they set to work to build a craft to carry them to New Zealand if possible. “A cutter of about ten tons,” it was thought, would answer the purpose, and so it very likely would if they had had but the tools to construct her with. As it was, their stock of shipbuilding implements consisted of an “American axe, an adze, a hammer, and a gimlet.” Still they undertook and fairly advanced with their task up to the point at which an auger for boring holes was required. Mr. Raynal, who was smith when he was not cooking or making shoes, thought he could make one; he had made a saw and several hundred nails, and for three days he wrought at the indispensable auger. “It was truly deplorable to view the faces of all as we stood around him, when he decidedly pronounced it impossible for him to make one. They all appeared, and I have no doubt felt, as if all hope was gone.” Then, with a wild resolve, they determined to patch up the crazy old boat, which had been battered and broken with daily work since their shipwreck. They heightened her by several

* *Cast away on the Auckland Isles. A Narrative of the Wreck of the “Grafton.”* By Captain T. Musgrave. London: Lockwood & Co.

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planks, and added a deck. Then the question was who should go in her. She was too small to carry all five, yet it was not easy to decide who was to be left behind. Captain Musgrave preferred risking a simultaneous drowning of the whole party to what might appear a selfish and arbitrary selection. However, when it came to the final crisis, two of the crew showed the white feather; and the captain, the mate, and another put forth on a voyage of 400 miles in their frail craft, resolved on death or freedom. They had been twenty months in captivity.

A voyage of five days and nights brought them to Port Adventure. The boat was very leaky, and was only kept afloat by constant pumping. With most praiseworthy self-sacrifice Captain Musgrave instantly took measures to return himself to the Auckland, in order to rescue the two men left on the island. A small vessel was chartered, and after a stormy passage he regained the old scene of his adventures. He found the two men he had left behind on the point of parting company and setting up an establishment each on his own account, owing to their incapacity of agreeing. And yet these two had remained on the island chiefly in consequence of the previous friendship which had existed between them.

Captain Musgrave has added another name to the muster-roll of those who prosper by self-help. He fully deserves a place in Mr. Smiles's volume. The literary qualities of his narrative are not very great, and it was not to be expected that they would be. The plain unvarnished tale attracts by its manifest truthfulness and sincerity. On the other hand, the editor might with advantage, we think, have curtailed certain barometrical and thermometrical readings which, interesting enough doubtless to Captain Musgrave, an exile on the Auckland, become intolerably wearisome by their perpetual recurrence. If it was considered desirable to retain them on meteorological grounds, the ends of science and the comfort of the general reader would have been better attained by relegating the phenomena in question to an appendix.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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	Cast-away on the Auckland Islands.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, will appear in a Novel Entertainment entitled A YACHTING CRUISE, by F. C. DORLAND, Esq.; with THE WEDDING BREAKFAST AT MRS. ROSELEAF'S, by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Morning at Three.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, JULY 28.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.—The ANNUAL CONGRESS will be held in London, from Tuesday, July 17, to Wednesday, July 25. The Opening Meeting will be held in the Guildhall, E.C., at Noon on Tuesday, the 17th. Excursions will be made during the Congress to Windsor Castle, to Eton, to Waltham, to Egham, and to Hampton Court. Gentlemen's Tickets (Members or Visitors), not transferable, One Guinea; Ladies' Tickets, transferable, Half a Guinea.—Application for Tickets to be made through Members, or (in writing only) to the Secretary, Burlington Gardens, W. THOMAS FURNELL, Secretary.

KEBLE MEMORIAL.—Proposed COLLEGE at OXFORD in memory of the Author of "The Christian Year." NATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION. Amount already subscribed, £23,000. Office, 3 Waterloo Place, S.W., London. HENRY C. FELLOW, Esq., Secy.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.

The next ANNUAL MEETING of the Association will be held at Nottingham, on Wednesday, August 22, and the following Days, under the Presidency of W. R. GROVE, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S., &c. Notices of Papers proposed to be read should be sent to the Assistant General Secretary before August 1st. Information concerning the Local Arrangements may be obtained from the Local Secretaries at Nottingham (Dr. ROBERTSON; E. J. LOWE, Esq., F.R.S.; Rev. J. F. McCALLAN). General Secretary—FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., F.R.S., 4 Rutland Gate, London. Assistant General Secretary—GEORGE GRIFFITH, Esq., 5 Park Villas, Oxford. General Treasurer—W. SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., F.R.S., 26 Grosvenor Place, London.

QUEEN'S COLLEGES, Ireland.—The PROFESSORSHIP of ENGLISH HISTORY and LITERATURE in the Queen's College, Belfast, being now vacant, Candidates for that Office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the Under-Secretary, Dublin Castle, on or before the 18th August next, in order that the same may be submitted to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties on the 24th September next. Dublin Castle, July 7, 1866.

DREGHORN COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

(Established in 1857 as the Grange House School.) Principal—JOHN DALGLEISH, Esq. Vice-Principal—W. SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A. (Edin.) The TENTH SESSION begins on Tuesday, October 2. The Preliminary Examination, for Classification, will take place on Wednesday, the 3rd. Prospectuses of the Course of Study, on application. Dreghorn College, Edinburgh, July 1866.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, July 1866.

1. There will be TWO SCHOLARSHIPS here, next December, valued £20 per annum, open to competition to all under the age of Fourteen, and tenable till the time of going to College. Some allowance will be made for age. 2. The Candidates will be examined: 1. In Latin Composition, Prose and Verse; 2. In Constructing and Parsing Greek and Latin; 3. In Arithmetic. The Books in which the Candidates are examined are those usually read in Classical Schools. 3. For further information, application may be made to the Head-Master, Haileybury College, Hertford.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Loughborough.—RE-OPENS Tuesday.

August 7. Head-Master—Rev. J. WALLACE, M.A., Jes. Coll. Camb. An excellent Classical or Commercial Education is given here at Terms Moderate and Inclusive. HONOURS IN 1865. An Open Scholarship.—(£30 per annum) Chr. Coll. Camb. An Open Exhibition.—Wadham Coll. Oxford. IN 1866. An Open Exhibition.—(£40 per annum) St. John's Coll. Camb. A Scholarship.—(£70 per annum) Christ's Coll. Camb. An Honour in Moderations.—Oxford. Splendid House and Grounds outside the Town. Excellent references.—Apply to the Head-Master.

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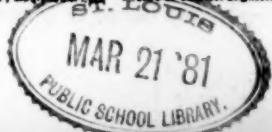
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